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THE SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN.

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It was a bright evening in the latter part of May. Somewhere in the country stood an old farm house, large, rambling and ill-shapen; and yet there was a kind of picturesque beauty about the tall, narrow windows and high gables, which gave to the old building its quaint, almost comical physiognomy. The large, irregular garden, too, had preserved, to a wonderful degree, the expression of the old farm-house. You felt, somehow, that *such* a garden could only belong to just *such* a building. There was the same kind of plethoric amplitude about it, the same rambling, disconnected details, forming a not unpleasant whole. The shrubbery was thick and indifferently trimmed, and the many fruit trees stood up with a kind of awkward strength, and flung out their long limbs in a bold, manly sort of way, which reminded you of the old Revolutionary pioneers, or it may be, farther back, of the days of that priest-prince, Oliver Cromwell, and his army of solemn heroes. But, as I was saying, it was a May evening, and the sweet, serious moonlight lay all about the garden and the farm-house in the country. It touched up the old gables, it wandered off to the shadows that lay in dark, tangled masses under the great trees.

The moonshine looked into the house, too, and there was *one* chamber, a corner one, where the soft, spiritual light seemed (but after all this may have been mere fancy) to drop with a clearer, sadder beauty, than it did any where else.

The window was partially opened, and every few moments the breeze would come and fold

away the dainty white curtains, so that the May moon could look into the chamber.

It was a plain, old-fashioned one, but looking very comfortable with its striped carpet and painted wooden chairs. There was a bed, too, in one corner, with high posts and chintz curtains, such as you may have seen in your grandmother's spare chamber; and on this two children were slumbering. The heads were laid close together, and the moonlight, as it quivered over them like a faintly spoken blessing, brought out the two profiles distinctly. They were very unlike, and yet each in its kind was very fair. The arm of one of the girls was wound about the neck of her companion, and her brown curls were tangled up with the dark locks of the other.

But the character of the two faces was a study. They were so dissimilar, as the author of Christmas Traits says, "you felt that if the life of one would be a picture, that of the other would be a poem." Neither of those faces had gone out from the sunshine of its tenth summer, and yet there was a dreamy thoughtfulness on the smooth forehead, and a kind of sad sweetness about the mouth of one sleeper, which you could no more misinterpret than you could the energy and pride of the other. You could trace this latter in the casting of the whole face, in the curving of the small ripe lips, that seemed hardly to *repose* even in sleep.

They were not sisters, those sleepers, but orphans, and the memory of either could hardly travel back to a time when they had been separated. For nearly five years had the echoes

of the farm-house gathered up the sound of their childish glee, and Abbie Glenn and Grace Newman only knew they were orphans by name.

But we will leave them with the angels and the May moon, and go down stairs, for a scene is transpiring at this quiet house which will color the warp of their whole future.

"Come, come, Auntie Hill, don't feel so bad about it. You've altogether too much sense to give way so. All our tears can't bring the dead back; and many times they're a great deal better off than we could make them, if they were with us."

The speaker was a man somewhere on the hither side of fifty; large, muscular and well formed, with a clear bright eye, and a mouth which, despite the lines of strong will about it, looked kindly and good-humored. He wore his old-fashioned coat, too, just as the house did its angles and abutments, so that you felt at once he was its proprietor.

"I know it, Uncle Nathan," said the housekeeper, trying to steady her voice and shut back the tears that would dampen her eyes, "it's all very true what you are saying; but then James was my only brother. He was younger than I, too, and I always used to think I felt more like a mother than anything else towards him, even when we played together in the old corn fields at home; and now to think of his dying off there in Georgia—"

A fresh spring of tears bubbled up to the poor woman's eyes, and concluded the sentence. Mr. Glenn took out his handkerchief hastily, and walked to the window as though he were suddenly seized with a strong impulse to inspect the moonlight.

There was a few moments' silence in the sitting-room, and then Mr. Glenn asked abruptly:

"Mrs. Hill, (an adjective he never used, except when he wished to be unusually emphatic,) didn't your brother leave a son?"

"Yes," answered the housekeeper. "Poor Marcus! he will be thirteen next August, and what will become of the poor fatherless and motherless child?"

"Precisely what I was thinking," said Mr. Glenn, turning round and confronting his housekeeper, as though he thought it a remarkable coincidence. "Just send for your nephew to come up here; there's room enough in the house, I reckon, and if there isn't, it'll bear another addition. He'll be just the one to climb trees and hunt berries for the hair-brains up yonder. Once more, I say, send for your nephew, Mrs. Hill; he's welcome, as long as he wishes to stay."

The housekeeper did not answer with her

lips, but there flashed through her tears, there beamed from every lineament of her kind, *motherly* face, a look which epitomized whole volumes of grateful thanks.

And in the chamber above, the children slept on in the white arms of the May moonlight.

"Uncle Nathan's going to send for him next week; and now, girls, you'll have a first-rate playmate."

It was morning, some two weeks after the decision respecting the future home of Mrs. Hill's nephew had been made, that she announced this to Abbie and Grace, while they sat at breakfast.

Mrs. Hill had talked a long time, dwelling, with pardonable vanity, on the virtues, moral and mental, of her nephew, and amplified considerably upon the advantages which would be mutually derived from such an association.

The half-despatched muffins had been laid down, and the steam from the china tea-pot rolling off soft gray clouds for the last half-hour, when Mrs. Hill paused.

Abbie took up the subject.

"Oh! it will be so, so delightful, Gracie," said the restless child, with ecstatic springs on her seat. "We can have somebody now to help hold our ropes, and put up our swings, and pull down the plum branches, without going to Uncle Nathan and having him say, as he always does, 'Tut, tut, what Tom-boys.'"

Grace laughed a clear, rich laugh, that no matter how weary and jaded and anxious your heart might have been, would have fallen upon it like old music.

"Yes, it will be delightful, Abbie," she said; and "then, when the summer days are so long and hot, and we cannot go out, we will all three sit in the house and play Fairy-land, or building great castles among the beautiful clouds of sunset—you and Marcus and I, Abbie. Does Marcus know any stories, Auntie Hill?"

"Well, I expect he does, dear heart," said the good old lady, with one of her most genial smiles. "It's true he was only six months old when I saw him last, but the doctor said he was a remarkable baby, and would, no doubt, make a wonderful child. But, dear me, children, the breakfast has all grown cold, while we've been talking," ejaculated the housekeeper, as she broke with her silver ladle the yellow stratum which had gathered over the toast.

So they sat long at the breakfast table that fair June morning, and talked of the time when Marcus should be with them, and painted bright pictures and framed them with the golden light of the future.

For the next two weeks little was talked of at the farmhouse but the coming of Marcus, and if Uncle Nathan did say "pish" and "tush," every body knew he had been down to the stage office twice, to see if the boy had arrived.

Oh, there was a great, warm heart throbbing beneath the brown coat of the old bachelor! Abbie's father knew this when he said with his dying breath, "Take my motherless girl to Nathan, and tell him to be a father to her for Ben's sake;" and his gentle sister knew it, too, when she twined the bright curls of Grace round her cold fingers, and whispered, "Give her to Nathan, and tell him it was his 'little Mary' sent her to him."

It is true he had a little outside roughness about him, and I couldn't begin to enumerate the man's eccentricities, the most prominent of which was dogged obstinacy when once his opinion was settled, as he had it.

But once find the way to Uncle Nathan's heart, and all was right then; and here again it was just like the old house, full of mysterious entries and dark corners, and suspicious looking closets; but all well enough when you got into them.

At last Marcus came, very unexpectedly, as long-expected guests are so apt to do.

For five consecutive nights had Mrs. Hill worn her gray silk and best muslin cap to receive him, and that morning she was overlying a plate of freshly pared apples with a most delicious pie-crust, while Abbie and Grace, on either side of her, were taking their first lesson in this culinary mystery, when Farmer Glenn entered suddenly, and said, in his provokingly cool way, "Aunt Hill, here's your nephew."

The words were like an electric shock to the whole trio; but Uncle Nathan had a bachelor's horror of a scene, so he did not stay to witness this one, and you, reader, can imagine it.

"Isn't he a fine boy? Didn't I tell you so, darlings?" queried Mrs. Hill, after the excitement was somewhat abated, and the boy had been duly presented to his new playmates.

The housekeeper's pride in her nephew was justified by his appearance. He was not handsome, but his broad forehead, his bright, dark eyes, and mouth about which the sprightly joyousness of his nature was ever effervescing in smiles, would have won you at once to the boy.

Abbie was, of course, the first to answer. She came forward with a rare grace and self-possession for so young a child, and said, with one of her bright smiles:

"You are welcome to our home, Marcus."

But Grace stood on one side of Mrs. Hill, and

only said this with her eyes; and so Marcus thought, "I shall like Abbie, I know I shall, the best.

But an hour later, when the children had grown somewhat better acquainted, and Abbie, with her usual vivacity, had been laying out a world of play-work for the future, a little dimpled hand was laid timidly upon the boy's shoulder, and looking round, he saw Grace Newman holding up a small bouquet of exquisite moss rose-buds and geranium leaves.

"It's for you, Marcus," said the child, in a whisper; "I made it for you last Monday, and I've kept it ever since, so the leaves have not withered at all."

"Thank you, Gracie," answered the boy, as he took the flowers, with that natural grace which no courtly breeding can confer. "Then you thought of me sometimes, did you?"

Gracie's blue eyes grew dark as she answered, eagerly, "Oh yes, to be sure I did; and every night, before I went to sleep, I used to pray that God would bring Marcus to us safely."

The boy threw his arm around her neck; "Gracie," he said, "I shall always love you very dearly."

And in after years Grace Newman sometimes looked back on her first meeting with Marcus Holmes, and from the sweet memory-bells of the past would ring down to her heart those words, "I shall always love you very dearly."

That day of Marcus's coming was marked with light in the calendar of the farmhouse; but, after all, it was only a type of many of its successors, over which we may not linger. The child-lives were very bright ones which lay within the shadows of the old country home.

Ten years had passed. May, that beautiful proof-sheet of summer, was again rolling out her miscellanies of green and gold on the mountains and meadows.

It was evening, and the moon was coming over the distant mountain, and the light lay soft and serious, just as it had done ten years before; on the old farmhouse and the fields around it. Nothing was changed—the trees stood just as solemn, and broad, and green; and if the building had grown older, you could never detect it, in that twilight made by the moon.

The beams crept into the corner chamber just as they had done in the aforetime, and the same breeze came up from the meadows and folded away the curtain, so that you could see into the room almost as if it were day. It had undergone many changes. There were traces everywhere of the softening, harmonizing touches

of woman; if we except the high-post bed. That stood in the corner, with the dark chintz curtains, just as it had always done.

There was but one occupant of the room, and she sat by the window. What a glorious vision she would have been to an artist, in that attitude of unstudied grace, with one cheek pillowed on her hand! The small, finely shaped head, the dark hair, gathered into a rich roll at its back; and then the clear regular profile, with the brown eyes and the red lips, made Abbie Glenn a very beautiful girl-woman.

But, despite the graceful abandon of her person, the young girl was not at ease. You could have divined this, by the restless movement of her fingers among the tassels of her dressing-gown; by the nervous tapping of her small foot on the carpet, even if you had not been near enough to hear the words she murmured to herself:

"It is strange Marcus has not returned this evening. Grace would certainly have come up and told me, had he come. To-morrow, I suppose I must answer that letter of Mr. Seward's, and decide my future. What a brilliant one it would be, as the wife of the millionaire, and the mistress of one of those palaces on Fifth Avenue! How every one would envy me, and what a simpleton Cousin Martha will think me to refuse so magnificent an offer, even if Mr. Seward does wear a wig and is almost fifty. For whom, too, am I doing this? For a man without family or riches, the nephew of our housekeeper!" And as the young girl said this, you might have seen, in the moonlight, the sudden curling of her rosy lips and the bridding of her small head.

"And yet, and yet, I love him." And now a tender softness stole over the proud face, and made it very beautiful. "I may struggle against, but my heart cannot conquer its weakness. Oh! Marcus Holmes, the 'bright head' which Lord Duncourt said, last winter, would do honor to a coronet, will be happiest laid against your heart, and the fingers that lay calm and cold in the pressure of the millionaire will throb and quiver at your lightest touch! How my heart, too, is always going back to the old days, when Marcus, and I, and Grace, wandered together through the wood-shadows—those days that are the great jewels of my memory.

"He is gifted, and he will be great, too, some day; and then I shall be proud of him, my Marcus.

"He has never called me his Abbie, but then has he not said that it was a luxury to look on such beauty as mine; and do not his dark eyes follow me about the room, with a world of

admiration; and is not beauty to him an intense, exceeding joy, and mine, surely, must win him. Sometimes, (as the moonlight can't tell secrets, I will admit it,) I have been a little jealous of Grace—sometimes thought his eyes and voice had a tenderer meaning when they addressed her—but, then, gentle and lovely though she may be, I know he thinks of her only as a sister. Pretty she certainly is, but then am not I—" the sound of light feet on the staircase, broke suddenly upon Abbie Glenn's reverie, and a moment later a light figure bounded into the room.

"Abbie, Abbie!" called an eager voice. "Oh! there you are by the window. I thought you must still be asleep. Is your head better?" and the speaker came up to Abbie and looked fondly into her face.

"Yes, Grace, thank you, it is quite well; and so, when I woke, not finding you here, I came to the window and fell to dreaming in the moonlight. But what has kept you up so late, dear?"

"Because—you will be so surprised—Marcus has come."

Abbie Glenn almost sprang from her seat.

"Marcus come! and you have not let me know it till this time, Grace?" She spoke reproachfully, almost sternly.

"Yes I did, darling; I came up in five minutes after his arrival. But you were sleeping so nicely I could not bear to waken you, and so bring on that terrible headache again."

"But I have been awake nearly two hours, during which time it seems you and Marcus have not thought of me."

"Yes, we have, and talked about you, too; and oh, Abbie, I have a secret to tell you, right here in the midnight moonshine. Let me lie my head in your lap. Oh, Abbie, I am very happy, and these tears are blissful ones."

It was a sweet face, with its dark blue eyes, and fair oval features, that nestled in the lap of Abbie Glenn; and maybe you would have preferred its serener beauty to the brilliant one above it.

A sharp, sudden fear sprang to the heart of Abbie Glenn, but she proudly put it back; and then, smoothing down the bright curls that fell over her lap, she said softly:

"Tell me all, Gracie, sweet cousin."

And Grace drew her head close to Abbie's heart; and sitting there, folded about with the white moonlight, she told all, while her cheeks grew bright with blushes, or damp with tears. How that evening Marcus Holmes had taken her out among the deep shadows of the garden, and told her, in his rich, poet way, that he loved

her, even her, better than fame or riches,—better than his aims of the present or his hopes of the future; and he had asked her to become his wife.

How bewildered and astonished she was at first, and yet, withal, how exceedingly, how ecstatically happy. Then, after she had tremblingly faltered the promise that he asked, and he had called her his Grace, they had had a long, long talk of the past and the future.

And Grace had told Marcus she wondered that he and Abbie had not loved each other, instead; that the queenly grace and beauty of her cousin had not won his artist-taste and heart; and he had smiled and answered:

"They have won me, Grace, to glory—to luxuriate in beholding her exceeding beauty, as I would that of some rare old statue, or master-painting. My eyes never grow tired of gazing at her. I love her, too, very tenderly, as the sister of my boyhood; but I have never gathered her into the innermost foldings of my heart.

"There is too great pride in Abbie's nature for me ever to find *repose* in her affection. She loves the world, its glamour, its applause, too well ever to make my affection the *ultima thule* of her life. Our souls were not made for each other."

Abbie sat very still and heard all this, but her face had a kind of hard, frozen look about it, when Grace paused, and involuntarily she clenched her hand, while, for a moment, a strong impulse rushed over her to fell that sweet face to the floor and stamp all the beauty out of it; but with a strong effort she restrained herself.

"Gracie," said the girl, putting her cheek down close to her cousin's, "your offence in not calling me was a very pardonable one. And so you will be Marcus's wife, and Mrs. Holmes! Ha! ha! little coz, doesn't the name sound strangely?"

And Grace thought her cousin's laugh was a very gleeful one, when it was only wild, and hoarse, and almost mad.

Three hours later, when the night was waning, though the moon still kept her silver watches over the farmhouse and the green garden thereof, a white, resolute face was lifted from the bed in the corner chamber, and it bent over another by its side, where sweet dream-smiles were hovering, and whispered with fearful emphasis: "Never, never, Grace Newman, shall you be the wife of Marcus Holmes, while I have power to prevent it."

Oh, Abbie Glenn, was your good angel far off that you spoke these words in that evil hour?

And yet, reader, I am almost sorry that I have

written them, for I would have your heart deal very charitably with Abbie Glenn. I know in the time of temptation she was found wanting; but, for all this, there was much that was noble and generous in the girl's proud nature; and, after all, her beauty, (now mark this,) her glorious beauty, was her greatest misfortune.

Her early training, too, had not been in all respects of a judicious character. Mrs. Hill was often yielding and indulgent when circumstances required stern reprimand or unfinishing decision. Then, Uncle Nathan had made a grand mistake, when he listened to the representations of his fashionable cousin, and confided the orphan to a school of her selection. And last, and worst of all, those two winters of fashion and flattery, amid all the excitements of metropolitan gaiety,—oh, Uncle Nathan, it was, as I said, a grand mistake, and you learned it too late!

"But, Marcus, why have you not told your aunt and Uncle Nathan of your engagement to my cousin? It is surely time they should know and rejoice with you, and it's quite too bad of you to be selfish and keep all your happiness to yourself."

Marcus Holmes and Abbie Glenn stood in a retired part of the garden, where the path was flanked on either side by a large growth of fennel, and the June sunset lay in bright ripples along the western sky, when the young girl spoke these words in a half rallying, half earnest tone. The gentleman pulled several of the half-ripened fennel heads, and scattered the seeds on the ground, as he answered:

"I know it, Abbie, and I should have done this before, but—" there was a little embarrassment in his manner, and an eager glance stole up from under the thick lashes of his companion. "In short, you know, dear Abbie, I am poor," he said the words very proudly, "that my aunt's carefully hoarded earnings sent me to the University, where I only graduated last year. I have no fortune, and can offer Grace but a very humble home. I fear her uncle may think I am rash in this matter?"

The last sentence was rather a question than an opinion. Abbie drew nearer to him, and her voice was very low and steady, and the young man did not know that the fingers which twisted the silken tassel of her apron trembled like the leaves around them.

"No, Marcus, you can trust the words of your boyhood's sister. My uncle is too generous and noble to allow your want of wealth to influence him in the least. But if I might say a word for Grace—" she paused.

Marcus started slightly, and his dark eyes

were filled with surprise, as he fastened them on his companion.

"I do not understand you, Abbie," he said, inquiringly.

"Well, then, forgive me, Marcus, my brother, for I see I must speak plainly. You know our darling is the wealthiest of us three, for my parents left their child no fortune but their own good name.

"The farmhouse, even, was my cousin's mother's; and though, in accordance with the will, Uncle Nathan is to possess it during his life-time, the whole will be Grace's at his death.

"Now you see I want you and my sweet cousin to find no shadows drifting along your sunny future; and so, Marcus, you will forgive me for advising you to place all Grace's fortune at her own disposal, so that none, not even yourself, can reach it."

"Abbie," said Marcus, with stern brevity, "answer me one question, and answer me honestly: is it with Grace's consent you have said this to me?"

Abbie could not meet Marcus's look, and she covered her face with her hands; and it was her outraged conscience which sent that tone of sharp agony to her voice, but not so her companion understood it.

"Do not ask me, Marcus; do not ask me."

"It is well; I am answered."

His companion did not hear the groan with which he left her, for the one that was in her own darkened soul at the moment.

"I have commenced, and whether I repent or not, it is too late to retract. The game must be played out now, and what I do must be done quickly."

Abbie Glenn said these words as she sat in her own room, an hour later, and then she rose up and went down stairs.

Oh! these links in the great chain of evil, winding farther and farther on, through the snares and the pit-falls. How constantly should the prayer go up from all our hearts, "Lead us not into temptation."

Abbie found her cousin in the sitting-room alone, for Mrs. Hill was preparing supper.

Grace was reading. Her cousin stole up to her, and drawing one arm around her neck, laid the other playfully on the page.

Grace looked up with a quick smile, and drew down Abbie's face to her lips.

"What is Marcus doing that he should leave his fair lady alone so long?" asked Abbie, lightly.

"He went to the village, dearie, some three hours ago, and has not yet returned."

"Yes, he has; for I met him less than an hour ago, in the garden; but he has probably gone out again. Gracie, I have something to say to you."

There was a strange significance in her cousin's tone, and Grace looked up in surprise.

"You know, dear, that you are rich—now don't shake your head so—at least, you are this in comparison with Marcus and me. Now, what I want you to promise is this: that you will make over all your fortune to Marcus."

"Of course, it is all his, Abbie. You did not suppose I would retain any of it for myself, when I only value it for his sake. I care not for wealth, for oh! I have the great riches of his love."

And the deep heart of the girl made her face seem like an angel, as she spoke these words.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Abbie, turning away her eyes, for she could not meet those of Grace. "And now, little cousin, I have an inkling that Marcus will say something to you on this matter, when next you meet; and if his manner should seem a little eager, or impatient, or singular, be sure and tell him that *all* shall be his, without reserve—let him fully *understand* this."

She had forestalled well the effect of these words. The brightness went out from Grace's face, for a sudden suspicion crept coldly to her heart.

"Abbie, has Marcus been speaking to you on this matter?" She asked it as though every word cost her a pang.

"Well, yes, Gracie, dear; he *did* just now allude to the matter, when we were in the garden—and so, forgive me I have spoken as I have."

Grace drew herself up proudly, but her face was white as the dead.

"What did he say, Abbie? Tell me, oh! tell me, if you would not kill me!"

That cry smote fearfully along the heart of Abbie Glenn, but a fiend had possession of it, or she would not have answered:

"I cannot tell you, my sweet cousin, how it pains me to do this; but Marcus *did* mention, or, at least, gave me to understand that, much as he thought of you, there were others—I cannot speak it. He is poor, you know, and no worse than other men, darling, if your wealth influenced somewhat his choice."

"Oh, Abbie, would that I had died before I had known it!"

Grace Newman's light figure rocked back and forth, as one's will under a great burden, while she cried out the words. But at that moment

a quick, well-known foot-fall reached both girls.

"He is coming. I will leave you now. Remember, Grace." And Abbie was gone.

The interview between Marcus Holmes and Grace Newman was a brief but very decisive one. The character of each, and the misapprehension which existed on both sides, was enough to insure this. If Marcus was rash and proud; if his whole high-souled nature recoiled from the faintest imputation of wedding Grace for her wealth, the woman's heart of his betrothed, with its outraged pride and affections, repelled as scornfully the baseness that had won her for her fortune. Marcus's solitary walk had not tended to soothe his indignation, and, with his ardent temperament, he waited not till time should afford him calm reflection, but at once asked Grace, with considerable bitterness in his tone, if it was her wish to have her property immediately secured to her.

Misapprehending altogether the motives which prompted the question, she replied, with womanly dignity, that she wished nothing about the matter; but as it seemed one of paramount importance, with him, she would promise the whole should be placed at his immediate disposal, whether her hand accompanied it or not.

Of course this was enough for Marcus, for in his soul he now believed Grace's fears for her fortune were greater than her love for him, and that she only made him this offer because she knew it was one he could not accept. He—but, reader, you can guess the rest. Suffice it, a few moments later, a wild, white face rushed into the chamber which Abbie Glenn had been pacing to and fro, in a torture of fearful suspense, and then it stood still and rigid before her, and whispered hoarsely:

"Lost! lost to me forever, Abbie!"

A look of joyful triumph flashed up the darkness of Abbie's eyes; but it was only momentary, for she turned and looked on her companion, and the heart that was not all evil was touched.

"Come to me, Gracie; I am very sorry for you," she cried, in tones whose tender pity was genuine.

And Abbie sat down on the low stool, and her cousin sank down at her feet and said:

"Abbie, let me lie my head on your true heart, as I long to lay it this minute on the cold, damp *under ground*. Oh, Abbie, you are the only one that guesses my misery—for the sake of the days that we played together, and the nights that we slept in each other's arms, pity me, my cousin, pity me!"

Tears of sorrow and self-reproach bubbled up to the eyes of Abbie Glenn, and she answered solemnly:

"Grace, I would part with my right hand this hour to recall what has happened;" and for the moment she *felt* it.

And Grace only drew her head down closer to her cousin's heart, and lay there white and shivering.

Two days had passed. During that time Marcus and Grace had met with cool courtesy, which elicited no attention from either Farmer Glenn or Mrs. Hill. Both suffered equally—both considered themselves deceived and wronged, and yet, in the silent deeps of their hearts, both still loved, deeming it weakness and madness.

And though her dark purposes had been fully achieved, each was happier than Abbie Glenn, haunted, stung as her soul was, by night and by day, with remorse.

At the end of those two days, Marcus and Abbie stood together again among the thick currant bushes, in the old garden, and Marcus said to his companion:

"It is useless for me to think of staying here longer, Abbie; Grace's presence is a constant torture to me,"—his proud lip quivered—"and I cannot endure it; I shall leave to-morrow."

"Oh, Marcus, do not say this. Remember, there are those to whom your presence is very dear, whose lives will be very sad when you are away."

The speaker's hand was laid fondly on his arm, and Marcus looked on that beautiful up-turned face. A sudden impulse came over him, and he did what men usually do under such circumstances.

"Abbie," he said, drawing his arm round her waist, "I have loved you as few brothers love their sisters, and, next to Grace, you have been the dearest to me on earth. You know all my past. Abbie, will you take the heart and broken hopes I have to offer you, and braid them up into the future years with what brightness you can? Abbie, will you be my wife?"

And Abbie's graceful head drooped to hide the joy that was in her face, as she answered:

"I will devote my whole life to your happiness, my Marcus." And she meant it.

An hour later the newly betrothed of Marcus Holmes might have been seen slowly wending her way up through the garden shadows to the farmhouse.

"How shall I tell Grace," she murmured, "and how will she bear it? Poor Grace! But it is no time to *think* now. It will be the closing

scene, and one more falsehood cannot lie much heavier here," she laid her hand on her heart, and her face worked fearfully. But she went in, and up to the chamber where she knew Grace was. She found her at the window, looking mournfully out on the fading sunset.

Then it was Abbie's turn to sit down at Grace's feet, and tell her of her betrothal. She did this, turning her eyes away, for again she could not meet those of her cousin.

Grace sat very quiet during the whole recital, and Abbie would not have known that she listened, had it not been for the quick throbbing of her heart.

"Grace," she concluded, "are you not willing I should be his wife? Oh, you cannot tell what a shadow the memory of the past will throw over my union with him. But you will try and forgive and forget it, won't you, darling?"

And Abbie did not see the heart-broken smile with which Grace answered:

"It is evident he loved you, and I was blind not to have guessed it. May you be very happy with him, cousin. There, leave me a little while."

And when Abbie was gone, poor Grace Newman threw herself on her knees by the bedside, and while quick sobs shivered through her whole frame, she prayed: "Oh God! oh God! give me strength to bear this new misery."

That night Marcus led Abbie before Farmer Glenn and Mrs. Hill, and said briefly:

"In three months she has promised to be my wife."

It was a sultry afternoon in the early September. Farmer Glenn and Mrs. Hill sat together in one of the front rooms of the old farmhouse. The hot sunshine could not make way through the thick shrubbery round the windows, and the cool shadows lay on the carpet.

Marcus and Abbie were both absent. The former had left immediately after his engagement; and Abbie had gone to the city, ostensibly to prepare for her wedding, but really because she was restless and wretched, and the quiet of the old farmhouse almost maddened her.

"To think, Uncle Nathan," said Mrs. Hill, laying down her sewing, and glancing towards the paper the farmer was reading, "we are really to have a wedding here next week. Marcus and Abbie will be back by Monday, I suppose. But, Uncle Nathan, between ourselves, I have not quite liked Grace's appearance of late. She certainly does not seem to feel well, and—"

Mrs. Hill caught her breath, for at that moment the sweet face of Grace Newman stood in the door. She moved across the room to the farmer, and her cheek had certainly lost somewhat of its bloom, and he noticed it for the first time, as she seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"Uncle," she said, "it is my birthday next week, and I shall be twenty-one, you know."

"Well, child, try and muster up some brighter cheeks for it—that's all."

"No, it isn't, Uncle. You know my property will then be entirely at my disposal. Well, what I want to say is this: I wish to make Abbie a present on her wedding day—a handsome one. You know Marcus and she are not wealthy, and I want to make over to her the farmhouse and the land adjoining it."

As Grace said these last words, a shadow fell across the hall, close by the sitting-room door. It started suddenly, and then stood very still. Mrs. Hill was the only one who occupied a position to see this, and she was now too absorbed to notice it. So the owner of the shadow must necessarily have heard all which transpired in the sitting-room.

"Make over the farmhouse to Abbie," repeated Farmer Glenn, as though he doubted whether his niece was in her right senses. "Why, Grace, are you insane? It's more than half your property."

"No matter for that, Uncle. It will never do me any good; and so I can make Marcus and my cousin happy, it is all I care. There will be enough left to last me quite as long as I shall want it."

She said it very sadly, as her little fingers smoothed down the gray hairs of Uncle Nathan. Before the old man could answer, the shadow fell across the open door, and a deep, rich voice, yet tremulous with emotion, cried out:

"Grace, Grace, have I heard aright?"

The whole three sprang to their feet, as though suddenly electrified. Grace tottered forward a few steps, and then sank senseless into the arms of Marcus.

She awoke in the delirium of a brain-fever; and that night, watching by her bedside, Marcus learned all, with astonishment that was only equalled by horror and indignation.

It was terrible to hear Grace call after him in those long mournful tones, and to shriek in her ear that his arms were about her, and yet know that she could not understand him. It was terrible to hear her moan out:—

"Marcus, Marcus! did you think I cared for the money? Did you not know that I would have rejoiced to have placed it all in your

hands, and say, 'Do with it as you will, my beloved.' But oh! it was cruel to deceive me thus; cruel, with your vows to me hardly cold on your lips, to turn away and tell Abbie that the love I only prized was hers, and that you wooed me for my money. Oh! Marcus, you will think of the wrong you did me sometimes, when I lie under the grass by my mother."

No wonder the young man bowed his proud head on her pillow, and sobbed like a very child!

When the morning dawned, he whispered to his aunt and Farmer Glenn, who were nearly stupefied with this revelation of Abbie's perfidy:

"I shall write to her before the mail goes out, and tell all. I cannot bear that she should return, for, with my present feelings, I might say that which I should afterward repent."

And he wrote very briefly, stating the occurrence which had called him home, when least expected; and he related all that had transpired since his coming.

What Abbie's feelings were on receiving that letter, Marcus never knew.

For two weeks Grace Newman lay in the shadow of death, and the friends who hung over her bedside, watched lest every breath should terminate her young life.

But she was given back to their prayers. She awoke at twilight to find her head resting on Marcus's bosom, and his lips dropped the baptismal of a new betrothal on her forehead, as he whispered softly:

"All is well with us now, my beloved."

The mellow October day was waning toward night. Grace Newman sat by the window in the sitting-room, gazing out on the rich web of crimson and gold which Autumn was winding among the trees.

She was pale, and seemed somewhat weary as she leaned back her head on the cushions; but the light of a heart at peace was in her face.

"Are you tired, darling?"

A figure that had stolen surreptitiously into the room, asked the question, as it leaned tenderly over the girl.

"Not very, Marcus; at least I shall forget it, now you are come."

The sudden brightening of her face would have said this, if her lips had not.

"Come, children; supper is allready, and Uncle Nathan's coming," said Mrs. Hill, as she came into the room.

Farmer Glenn entered while Marcus was assisting Grace to rise.

"Wait a moment," he said, "I have some news for you. It is not bad, but it will surprise you all. Can you bear it, Grace?"

She bowed her head.

Then Farmer Glenn lifted the paper in his hand, and read an account of the marriage which had taken place that week, between the millionaire, John Seward, Esq., and the beautiful Abbie Glenn. There was a brief history, also, of the magnificent wedding fete at Cousin Martha's.

There was silence for several moments after Farmer Glenn concluded, and then Grace said: "Poor Abbie! I hope she may yet repent, and be happy; for though she wronged me so deeply, I cannot forget, Marcus, it was all done for love of you."

"And I will try to forget it, in remembering that you will be mine next week; all my own, Grace," responded the young man.

His betrothed did not answer. Her eyes closed, and a prayer of exceeding gratitude went up to the God who had sent her the *sunshine after the rain*.

New Haven, Conn.

CLOUD IN THE CLOUDLAND.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

Cloud in the cloudland,

Whither art thou winging,

Lightly and free?

If from the southward,

Breezes sweet thou'rt bringing,

Bear them to me!

Cloud in the cloudland,

Whither art thou roaming

O'er the blue sky?

Art from the tropics?

From the Indias coming?

Hither, oh hie!

Cloud in the cloudland,

Tell me of the summer,

Yonder, afar!

Tell of the orange-groves,

Whence comes the murmur

Of Love's guitar.

Tell of the minstrels,

With their tresses flowing,

And their dark eyes;

Eyes like the eagles'

Burning glances throwing

'Neath twilight skies.

Cloud in the cloudland,

Whisper of the flowers,

Blossoming fair;

Radiant in the gardens,

Purest in the bowers,

Fragrant and rare.

If from the southward,

Cloud, thou art winging,

Lightly and free?

Bear from the flow'rets,

Ever sweets flinging,

Fragrance to me.

FANNIE'S BRIDAL.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

PART I.

It was to be a quiet wedding. Fannie would have it so; only *his* relations. She, poor thing, was an orphan, and only spirit-parents could hover around her on this great era of her life.

The bride entered the large, sunny parlor, leaning upon the arm of her stately husband. Her white lace robe, and the fleecy veil upon her head, floated cloud-like around her fragile, almost child-like form. Peace hovered like a white dove over her pure brow, and a truthful earnestness dwelt in the meek brown eyes.

On one side of the room nearest the bay-windows,

Where the sunset kept shining, and shining between
The old hawthorn blossoms and branches so green,

Stood the eight brothers of the groom. All tall, dark, stately men, pride in every black glancing eye; the same curl upon every finely formed lip, harsh upon some, softer upon others, yet still there, tracing the same blood through all; the same inherent qualities of the father transmitted to the sons. One brother was a type of all, differing only as pictures and copies—in the shade and touch.

Upon the opposite side were seated the five sisters of the groom, not so like one another. One had blue eyes, another auburn curls, one a nose retrousse, a fourth was fresh and rosy, a fifth round-faced; still the same pride had found a resting place on some fine feature of each face, and stamped it with the seal of sisterhood. The same sap ran in all the branches, and each branch put forth the same leaves.

The thirteen faces had been stern and cold, but when their youngest brother and his fair bride came in, affection and curiosity softened their eyes, as for the first time she appeared before them. Some thought her too delicate, others too young; the sisters, that Harwood could have looked higher; but all felt drawn to that shrinking form and pale countenance; each hand had a warm grasp for hers, each curling lip a sweet smile, and the manly voices softened to welcome her into their proud family. Gracefully she received all, happy and joyful as a child. But the first shadow fell with the sunlight.

"Brothers and sisters," said Harwood pleadingly, "upon this my wedding day cast aside your bitterness of spirit forever, and become as one—"

"Harwood!" replied quickly the elder sister,

"upon this—this happy day, we hide all feelings called forth by the malice and un-brother-like conduct of our brothers, but only for the present; we can never become reconciled."

A silence fell upon all; strange as it may seem, the sisters were colder and sterner than the brothers. A frown settled upon every brow; the lips curled with contempt. A storm was tossing the waves, but peace breathed upon the waters and all was calm. The presence of the bride restrained angry expressions of feeling.

This was the first knowledge that Fannie had of the family feud; tears stood in her soft eyes, and the rosy lips trembled; but her husband's bright glance, and gentle pressure of her hand, reassured her. There was no more warmth that day—during the ceremony and the brief stay of the newly married. The sisters gathered around the young wife, and the brothers around Harwood. Occasional words were interchanged but there reigned an invisible barrier, that seemed to say "so far shalt thou come, but no farther."

When the carriage stood at the door and Fannie and Harwood stepped in, she stretched out her pretty hand and beckoned to the elder brother and sister; they approached; she took a hand of each, saying in a trembling voice:

"You both breathe the same air, the same beautiful sunlight shines upon you, you pray to the same God, both say 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Be examples for those younger—let me join your hands—" But the sister with a frown, threw aside the little hand rudely, the brother pressed the one he held, but laughed maliciously. The carriage drove on, and the fair head rested sobbing upon the shoulder of her husband. Sadly did he relate to her the family feud, a quarrel of ten years' standing; sisters against brothers, resting on a belief of unfairness in the disposition of the will of a relation. The sisters passed the brothers upon the street without speaking, refused them admittance to their house. Harwood being the youngest, was too young to take part in the quarrel, and had never been expected to do so.

Poor Fannie wept bitterly; but tears more bitter yet were in store for her.

PART II.

Upon her return from the bridal tour, no sooner was Fannie settled in her new home, than the family feud endeavored to draw her from

her quiet course, to take part for or against. Numberless were the grievances related to her. All that could be said or done, to convince her that the sisters were "sinned against instead of sinning," were brought forward.

"Well, Fannie," said the elder brother, one day, "I met my immaculate elder sister, just coming out of your door. Has she been giving you a catalogue of fraternal sins? She would not speak to me. She carries her head high. It maddens me to think how contemptuously we are treated, and being food for talk beside."

Fannie hesitated; she could not reply, for Jessie had been venting a fit of ill humor upon him, and it was only adding fuel to the fire, to repeat.

"Say, Fannie, what *did* the old maid say? That it was a pity we were not all dead?"

"Oh! hush," she replied, holding up her hand reprovingly. "I am very unhappy at your continued disagreements. If," she continued, timidly, "you would but take a little advice—I know I am young, but——"

"Let us have it," he returned, quickly, turning away from the pleading eyes.

"You will not be angry with me?"

"No, no; let me hear!"

"You are the eldest; your example is followed by the seven brothers; your influence with them is great; you give an 'eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' Jessie and the others may have a foundation for their ill will. You have never endeavored to discover what this is. Your pride took offence, and you say to yourself *that* can never bend. Was this right?"

Her voice trembled, her head drooped, and in spite of her self command, she burst into tears.

"Fannie! sister Fannie!"

"Don't mind me; I am weak, nervous, foolish. I shall soon be better; but it makes me so very unhappy to see you all at enmity. I had hoped, when I came among you, to have been the olive branch, but——"

"Fannie! dear sister Fannie!" he exclaimed, walking up and down the room, "you have been—we are fire-brands plucked from the burning. You have said all that any one could have said; yes, and done all that could be done; never repeated any malicious speech, selected all the wheat that could be culled from the chaff. You have softened my obdurate heart. I have done wrong; you have shown me to the way of return. If Jessie will come forward and forgive and forget, then will I."

But Fannie knew that it was not so easy to make Jessie be the first to own her errors and forgive. The brothers had done much to make the division wider, in the way of hints and ma-

licious whisperings; and she continued weeping so wildly and hysterically, that the elder brother endeavored to console her, and was glad when Harwood came, and lifting her in his arms, carried her up to her room.

When he returned, the elder brother still stood by the fire-place. He turned and spoke.

"Fannie is very fragile and pale. Is she not well?"

"Not very. This family feud troubles her. She has taken it to heart. When we were first married, she told me a dozen plans she had made for your re-union, and made me a party to them, but now——"

He sighed; the elder brother sighed more deeply; both were silent; the fire-light leaped up, lighting the room; a fierce, avenging blaze; then died out, and all was gloom. Where were the thoughts of that elder brother? They were wandering among the graves of the past. In his imagination, new ones were there; the names on the tomb-stones were familiar; the thirteen were all there; twelve sleeping; his the only restless, wandering spirit. Fannie stood before him, her face pale and tearful. She pointed to the graves, and said, sadly, "This is the end of all earthly things." That night he knocked at the door of his sister's mansion; but gained no admittance.

PART III.

The anniversary of Fannie's bridal was the counterpart of the original. Sunny and genial, with here and there a white cloud floating near the horizon, denoting a long and happy married life, with but threatening troubles. How was the prophecy realized? Like all riddles of earthly solution, to the contrary?

The eight brothers, with faces of stern grief in the same old corner, side by side; the five sisters sobbing, tearful and quite overwhelmed with sorrow, sat opposite. Their eyes were fixed upon the same pair. Harwood knelt beside a couch in the middle of the room, and there lay Fannie; but how changed! They had all been summoned there, to see that new sister depart for another world; to see the young breath grow fainter and fainter; the bright eyes close forever on them and their love. Oh! mystery of Life! thee we can know and understand; but, mystery of Death, dark and fearful, only thy chosen ones can comprehend thee. We walk to the verge of the valley of the shadow of death with those we love; but there our steps are stayed, and we look into the black void with wonder and despair. Oh! faith! if ye come not then to the rescue, that death is eternal.

Thus felt the thirteen; all older, care-worn, world-weary, standing beside the mere child-sister of the family, whose star of life was setting from their view behind an impassable mountain.

The sweet face was calm, but a hectic flush lay upon the cheek, as though some life-cord still bound her to earth.

"My child," said the old, white-haired physician, "if you have aught to say, speak now; when you will awaken from the sleep this draught will produce, it may then be too late.

"My darling Fanny," said the kneeling Harwood, "for my sake let no thoughts of earth disturb you; all will be well if—"

His voice was broken. He bowed his head upon the wasted hand he held, and wept.

"All will be well," she said, smiling faintly. I feel it now. Jessie, and you, elder brother, come near; nearer yet. I love you both, love you all. Having no relatives of my own, my husband's are doubly mine. My heart, since our marriage-day, has been living in the hope of your reconciliation. I was too young; I undertook too much. I wept when my health began to fail; I did not then know that God was giving me my wish. I would have died to have seen you all happy. He has heard my prayer, the sacrifice is made, I go happy. Jessie, my dying wish is to see you once more the forgiving girl you were, when you knelt with your brothers at your mother's knee. Oh! the chain of family love is never so rudely broken but it can be renewed. Jessie, the young lover, who died in his youth, would counsel you to forgive. The beloved parent would whisper, 'love thy brother as thyself'; He who bore the cross said 'Father forgive them—' Jessie, a weak, dying girl, begs you, for her sake, to be true to yourself."

Jessie fell upon her brother's neck, and wept. One universal sob arose from lip to lip. Brothers and sisters, so long estranged, rushed into each other's arms. Some cried aloud, other's tears flowed silently: some there were, whose calm joys betrayed the disquietude of long years of disunion. They were all recalled by Harwood's voice.

"Fannie! Fannie! This excitement will kill her."

Half raised in the bed, her cheeks scarlet and eyes glowing with perfect delight, the sunlight making a halo around her head, was the young wife. She drank the draught the old physician gave her, with her eyes fixed on her husband. She murmured:

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

With a sigh she dropped back upon the pillow, the eyes closed, the face became waxen white. Soon, those who watched could not tell her slumber from the sleep of death. Silence stole on tip-toe through the room, with her finger on her lip.

While the sunset kept shining and shining between, The old hawthorn blossoms and branches so green.

PART IV.

Day was dawning in the watch room; the lamp was dying away, the thirteen with pale expectant faces, now shadowed by fear, now lighted with hope, were motionless. With his face bowed upon his arms, Harwood had neither looked up, or spoken since Fannie slept. The old clock had struck each hour from the dial of time into the abyss of the past. Never before had time seemed to them so precious, worth so much.

The physician with his fingers upon the patients pulse had sat all night; once he placed his hand over her mouth, and rising with a puzzled look, walked to the window and thrust his head into the vines; then drawing his hand over his eyes, he resumed his place, and all was silent again, save the clock with its monotonous tick, tick, beating as calmly as though human passions were trifles, and the passing away of a soul from earth, only the filling of the niches of eternity.

The sun arose, and a little bird alighting on a spray near the window, poured a flood of melody into the room. The sleeper smiled; the doctor could have sworn it was so. Her breath comes more quickly, you could see it now, fluttering between her lips; she opened her eyes and fixed them on Harwood; he took her hand and gave her the cordial prepared by the physician.

"She is saved," was telegraphed through the apartment. The brothers prepared to go to their duties. The sisters divided, part to go home, the rest to stay and watch Fannie. Harwood with a radiant yet anxious face, could not be persuaded to lie down, but still held the little hand and counted the life beats of her heart.

"Ah! well!" said the old doctor to the elder brother, as he buttoned his coat and pressed his hat down upon his head. "Well; there was one great doubt upon my mind—in spite of all favorable symptoms—*she was too good for earth*;—it says somewhere—and it kept coming into my mind all the night long—'Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God.'"

Stockbridge, April 2d.

MRS. PHIPS'S DOUGH-FACE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Mr. Phips was a good man and a loving husband, as everybody, even to the servants and sewing-girls who were employed about his house, willingly and admiringly testified.

"My dear," said he to Mrs. Phips, one fine, clear, winter morning, (he always called his wife "my dear," which proves my opening assertion,) "my dear, I am sorry to be absent all night from your sweet company, and from my dear home; but I believe I shall be obliged to go away, on business, this P. M., and am afraid I shall not be able to return till to-morrow afternoon."

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked Mrs. P., with a sweet smile.

"To Providence, to see about that Lane affair, of which I told you."

"Oh," said Mrs. Phips, with an air of satisfaction. She evidently had no objections to the projected jaunt.

Mr. Phips accordingly departed. The weather had been remarkably cold for several days, and pretty little Mrs. Phips was very much troubled by a chapped face. It had been quite sore, and fretted her not a little. She was afraid it diminished her beauty, and rendered her an object less pleasing to her husband's eyes.

As she sat sewing that afternoon, she thought over what she had better do to cure the unpleasant roughness.

"I know what I can do," said she aloud; "I'll put a dough covering on my face to-night, and by to-morrow it will be as soft and smooth as ever."

So that evening she made Dolly, the chambermaid, bring up a pint of dough, and, after making all due preparations for bed, she rolled and patted out a sort of mask; and taking care to make a place to breathe through, also a hole for each eye, she stuck it on to her face, and tying it fast with a napkin, laid herself peacefully down to rest.

Now it so happened that Mr. Phips met a man upon the road to Providence, who had urgent business with him, and it became necessary that he should return to Boston.

He did so, and gave his entire attention to his companion until near eleven o'clock that night, when he turned his steps towards his home.

He smiled gently to himself, as he trod the crisp ground of the common over which his path led him; and one could easily guess he was thinking of the pleasant surprise his wife would feel upon seeing him home so soon.

He entered the house with a night-key, and, as it was bright moonlight, he thought it useless to light up the gas to undress by, so moved about without it. The rays of the moon fell across the bed and illumined—what! surely *that* ghastly visage was not the face of his *dear wife*?

As the eyes of the horror-stricken man rested upon the horribly strange thing, lying on the white pillow, where the (to his eyes) beautiful face of his darling *Nancy* belonged, he uttered an unearthly sound, somewhere between a groan, an oath, and a death-rattle, and staggered back against a chair on which Mrs. Phips had placed a pitcher of water and a glass. The chair and its contents, with Mr. Phips on top of the broken glass and china, came to the floor. Up jumped the fearful vision, and, in a sepulchral voice demanded, "what is it?" then cried, "thieves! robbers!" and "fire!" almost in a breath.

The unfortunate husband, half-distracted by bewildering terror, started for the door. But the brave goblin had no idea of letting a robber escape so. She rushed after him, and down stairs the two raced—he, with his hair rising and stiffening in all directions over his head, and the blood dripping from half a dozen gashes in his body; she, screaming with might and main for "help! help!" her muffled tones sounding worse and worse at every word. On and on went the twain, till the large dining-hall was reached. There the terrified servants were meditating whether they had better run *to* or *from* the scene of action. The gas was blazing there, for Biddy, Dolly and Jim had no notion of being murdered in the dark.

Oh! ye mirthful and grotesque deities of old, how would ye have delighted in that scene!

At the sight of the bloody garments of their master, and the shocking goblin which followed hard after him, Biddy and Jim uttered a pair of yells that were *original* beyond all imitation, and dropped, as if shot by hot thunderbolts, in two heaps upon the floor. Dolly, who had carried up that unlucky bit of dough, understood the matter better, and, with a sweep of her powerful arm, she arrested her master's flight, and brushed of the mask which her mistress wore.

More ashamed of the figure they had cut before their servants, than they would care to own, the two subsided individuals suddenly withdrew into the privacy of their chamber, leaving Dolly, whose agony of mirth broke forth the very moment the last flutter of night-linen had disap-

peared through the door, to "shake out" her fellow-servants, and satisfy them, the best way she could, that the "*shapes of terror*" which had blasted their vision, were nothing but mortal shapes of flesh and blood, *rather* sparsely covered with drygoods. Hoping that Mr. and Mrs. Phips enjoyed a good night's rest, and that their little adventure in no wise disturbed their conjugal felicity, I wish my readers a respectful good-afternoon, and relapse into silence.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

My Guardian Angel hath not shining wings,
Nor are his garments white;
Nor does he dwell above terrestrial things,
Where day ends not in night.

My Guardian Angel bears no golden lyre,
He wears no gem-lit crown,
Like theirs who, sometimes, from the eternal choir
Of yon high Heaven come down.

His robes are of the many tinted dyes,
Earth's sons and daughters wear;
His brow hath furrows, and deep in his eyes
Oft lurks a look of care.

His harp hath tones to comfort and to warn,
Poured freely o'er and o'er;
His crown is woven thick with many a thorn,
Which his Great Captain wore.

No sun-bright Seraph on on high, I know,
Could so my homage move;
The Seraphim more glorious are, but oh!
They know not human love.

We speak to *them* in vain, they answer not;
We call, they do not come,

Until we deem ourselves by those forgot,
Of the Unshadowed Home.

But, ah! the love-light in *my Angel's* eyes,
Illumines all my way,
And joys, as sweet as those of Paradise,
He brings me day by day.

The magic of his presence charmeth care,
And its dark train, away;
And tears and grief, and heart-ache and despair,
This sweet-toned voice obey.

Kindly he guides me o'er my rugged path,
Still speaking words of cheer;
Safely he shields me from the tempest's wrath,
And bids me not to fear.

Clear as the clarion-tones his loved voice rings,
Cheering me thro' the gloom;
O'er all my way his love an odor flings,
Sweet as the spring-flowers' bloom.

Oh! Angel of my Pathway! Oh, beloved!
Still lead me by the hand,
And guide these feeble feet, that long have roved,
Safe to thy Father-land.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY HORACE S. RUMSEY.

We thank thee, Lord, for birds and flowers,
For sunshine and for genial showers;
For Spring-time's gay and joyous hours,
With beauty robing field and bowers.

We thank thee, Lord, for Summer's prime,
For fields of waving, golden grain;
Which, to the breezes roll sublime,
Like billows on the watery main.

We thank thee, Lord, for Autumn hours,
For luscious fruit and ripened corn;
For rainbow hues that gild the bowers,
Like blushes on the brow of morn.

Elmira Water Cure, N. Y.

We thank thee, Lord, for Winter cold,
When, gathered 'round the social fire,
We list to legends quaint and old,
Related by some hoary sire.

We thank thee, Lord, for kindest friends,
With hearts of gushing sympathy;
For every influence which tends
To raise our wandering thoughts to thee.

For peace of mind, we thank thee, Lord,
For living faith and charity;
We thank thee for thy written Word,
For hope of immortality.

THE STUDY OF ENTOMOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

CURATOR OF ENTOMOLOGY, CONNECTICUT SOCIETY NATURAL HISTORY.

In a former article, we alluded briefly to the science of Entomology, and the many and powerful inducements it held out to the student of Natural History, as well as to every lover of Nature's handiwork. Let it be displayed in whatever form it may, from the variety and beauty of the objects brought before him, as well as the skill displayed in their creation, their perfect adaptation to the situation in which they are placed, and the wonderful instincts with which they are often endowed, all these claim his attention, elicit his admiration, and bespeak the wisdom and power of that Creator who brought them into being, and watches over their existence.

Less attention has been paid to this science than any other. Botany, on the other hand, has been one of the prescribed studies in our colleges and higher institutions of learning. Both have their claims to our consideration and encouragement, and upon a correct knowledge of both, the success of many of the useful arts depends. How much the human race is indebted to the silk worm, to the cochineal insect, and to the bee, for many of the luxuries and comforts of life, while owing to an impartial knowledge of many minute species, whole crops of wheat are often lost, an abundant harvest destroyed, and a nation threatened with famine.

How many great results spring from little causes, little in themselves, yet, when united, forming an enemy too powerful even for man, with all his ingenuity, to master. Locusts devastate the earth, and every green thing disappears before them. The Hessian fly attacks the wheat, and the crop fails. Various insects, feeding upon a particular species of fruit or vegetable, becoming, for reasons unknown, unusually abundant, causing the failure of the particular fruit or vegetable subject to their attack, and even root crops are not exempt, but often disappear before the attacks of a voracious, though unseen destroyer.

After referring to the foregoing facts, let no one reproach the entomologist with folly, in confining his attention to the study of a science, upon the right understanding of which much evil may be avoided, and lasting benefits to the human race secured. Reaumur, in his immortal work upon this science, found it necessary, in each of the successive volumes, to show his countrymen that the study of insects is one of

utility, and not merely a frivolous amusement, as it has been considered by too many.

Sulzer, the German entomologist, says, that upon showing his plates of insects to two very sensible men, "one commended him for employing his leisure hours in preparing prints that would amuse children and keep them out of mischief, and the other admitted that they might furnish very pretty patterns for ladies' aprons!" Even in England, they attempted to set aside Lady Glanville's will, on the ground of lunacy, evinced in no other way than in her partiality to the collecting of insects; and, at the trial, Ray, the naturalist, was called upon to establish her sanity, and to prove that jurors of sound minds had often amused themselves with this harmless and innocent recreation.

In regard to the study of Entomology, one of the best writers on the subject remarks, with much truth and feeling: "Of all the branches of Natural History, Entomology is, unquestionably, the best fitted for thus disciplining the mind of youth; and simply from these circumstances, that its objects have life, are gifted with surprising instincts admirably calculated to attract youthful attention, and are to be met with everywhere. It is not meant to undervalue the good effects of the study of Botany or Mineralogy; but it is self-evident that nothing inanimate can excite such interest in the mind of a young person, as beings endowed with vitality, exercising their powers and faculties in so singular a way, which, as Reaumur observes, are not only alive themselves, but confer animation upon the leaves, fruits, and flowers that they inhabit, which every walk offers to view, and on which new observations may be made without end."

With these remarks, we will close the present article in favor of our favorite science, reserving for a future time, numerous reasons of greater weight, perhaps, than any yet offered, why this charming and delightful study should be more assiduously cultivated, and especially by the young, as it "opens a source of copious and cheap amusement, which tends to harmonize the mind, and elevate it to worthy conceptions of nature and its Author," while no branch of natural science can be more fascinating.

STAGE COSTUME.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, that is to say, from the first appearance of that regular suit of clothes worn by our great-grandfathers under the name of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, to the days of Garrick and Kemble, the custom continued of dressing even historical personages according to the fashion of the passing moment; and although, in point of fact, it was no more ridiculous to represent Hamlet in a full suit of black velvet of the cut of Queen Anne's time, than it was in the days of Charles to dress Falstaff in the habit of that reign, the stiff-skirted coat, the long wig, court sword, and cocked hat, have a more ludicrous effect on the modern spectator than the ancient cavalier costume of 1640. But the attempt that occasionally manifested itself to combine, in imitation of the French actors, the habits of widely different eras, produced a *melange*, the absurdity of which is in our present day absolutely convulsive! The celebrated Booth is said by his biographer to have paid particular attention to his dress; so much so, that when playing the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' he covered the soles of his shoes with felt, in order to prevent the sound of his footsteps being heard and so increase the supernatural effect of his appearance. Yet who does not remember Pope's lines descriptive of his appearance in Cato? which character he origi-

nally represented on the production of the tragedy in 1712:—

"Booth enters; hark the universal peal!

But has he spoken?—not a syllable.

What shook the stage and made the people stare?

Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.'

Imagine Cato now, appearing in a flower'd robe de chambre, and a finely powdered full-bottomed wig. There would be a "universal peal" indeed—of laughter: yet the fashion of wearing full-bottomed wigs with the Roman dress (or at least what was intended for such), and other heroic costumes, lasted to within the recollection of many now living. Haward played *Tamberlain* in a full-bottomed wig, as late as 1765. Aikin, was the first who enacted that part without it; and, what was perhaps more ridiculous still, Garrick, who has been so bepraised for his reformation of stage costume, played King Lear in a habit intended to look ancient, while Reddish in Edgar, was in a full dress suit of his own day; and the Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia of the tragedy in hoops! Richard the Third, also, was played by Garrick in a fancy dress, which Hogarth has handed down to us; but Richmond, and the rest, wore the English uniforms of the eighteenth century: and as to Macbeth, Garrick played it to the last in a court-suit of sky-blue and scarlet! Behold him, en-



Garrick as Macbeth.

graved from a picture in Mr. Mathews' collection, wherein the great little Roscius looks much more like Diggory, in 'All the World's a Stage,' than the Thane of Glamis. In Jeffry's 'Collection of Dresses,' a work in two volumes quarto, pub-

lished in 1757, the editor says in his preface, "As to the stage dresses, it is only necessary to remark that they are at once elegant and characteristic; and amongst many other regulations of more importance, for which the public is

obliged to the genius and judgment of the present manager of our principle theatre, (Mr. Garrick, who entered on the management of Drury Lane in 1747,) is that of the dresses, which are no longer the heterogeneous and absurd mixtures of foreign and ancient modes which formerly debased our tragedies, by representing a Roman general in a full-bottomed peruke, and the sovereign of an Eastern empire in trunk-hose." Now, to say nothing of the fact that the very absurdities specified were then, and continued to be for some years afterwards, in existence, let us look at the specimens he gives us of the elegant and characteristic costumes introduced by the genius and judgment of Garrick:—Comus, in a stiff-skirted coat, over which is worn what he calls "a robe of pink sattin, puffed with silver gauze, fastened over the shoulder with a black velvet sash, adorned with jewels. The jacket," as he calls the coat aforesaid, "is of white curtained sattin. The collar is black velvet, set with jewels, and the boots are blue sattin!" But the figure should be seen to be appreciated. Here it is!



Comus, 1732.

Behold also the dress of Zara, in the 'Mourning Bride,' from the same collection!



Mourning Bride, 1732.

A pamphlet, entitled the "Dramatic Execution of Agis," published on the production of Mr. Home's tragedy of that name in 1758, contains a severe attack on Garrick for "disguising himself (a Grecian chief) in the dress of a modern Venetian gondolier;" and ridicules his having introduced "a popish procession made up of white friars, with some other movables, like a bishop, *des enfans de chœur*, nuns, &c.," into a play, the scene of which lies in ancient Sparta! So much for the judgment and taste of Garrick in dramatic costume.

Mr. John Kemble, the first real reformer of stage costume, was introduced to the London public in the character of Hamlet. But he then played the part, says his biographer, "in a modern court dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and pendant riband of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder, which, in the scene of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front and over the shoulders. His classical taste, however, soon led him, as he increased in popularity and power, to do away with the most glaring absurdities.

THE CHILD THAT SLEEPS.

The noon-day heat hath hushed the air,
And leaflets drink with noiseless glee
Their fill of light, and everywhere
The hot air pulses silently.
Adown through ash-leaved maple limbs,
That guard with green the open sash,
A thousand rays, with voiceless hymns,
A golden throng, benignant flash,
And light and air serenely keep
A smiling watch about the bed,

Whereon divine resistless sleep
Hath chained those lips, that restless head.
The warm beams play at hide and seek
'Mong naked knees and arms and curls,
And smoothly glide from rounded cheek,
Like flying shadows chased from pearls.
And whosoever there draws nigh,
A loving solemn silence keeps,
To catch that whisper from on high,
The breathing of a child that sleeps.

GEO. H. CALVERT.

NELLIE.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

"A self-willed imp, a grandam's child:
And half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed."

There she sat, with both little hands covering her face. It was twilight, and beyond the little finger glanced a watchful eye towards the door, to see if Theodore *would* go. She didn't think he would. He came back.

"Is the little child crying?" he asked, reluctantly, as he took the pretty fingers, one by one, away from the youthful face, hard as she tried to keep them there. At last, she gave up, and broke into a merry laugh.

"You little hypocrite!" said her husband, in rather an incensed tone of voice—men *do* hate to be gulled into soothing a laughing wife.

"Well! can't I go?" pleaded the enchanting little creature, looking up into his eyes *so* beseechingly.

"Why, Nellie, it isn't becoming for you to go without me."

"Yes, it is!" she answered, in a very low way, as if she hardly dared say it, and at the same time running her forefinger through the hem of her silk apron. "May I go?" and she lifted up her eyes in the same beseeching way again.

"Why are you so anxious to go to-night?"

"O, because!"

"But that is not a good reason!"

"Well! I want to dance a little!"

"Nellie, I can't possibly go with you to-night. You are very young—you know nothing of the world and its malice—"

"But I can go with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, next door."

"I can't consent to your going without me, little pet."

Nellie put her apron up to her face, and actually did succeed in squeezing two tears in her eyes. She instantly dropped her apron after this was accomplished, and looked reproachfully into her husband's face. Suddenly, a thought darted into her head. "When will you come home?" she asked, with quiet melancholy of manner.

"I fear not before ten or eleven, dear. Good bye! I am late, now!" He went away, and Nellie sat down and soliloquised.

"Business! old business! If there is anything I hate, beyond all human expression, it is this business. I know it was never intended there should be such a thing. Adam and Eve

were put right in a garden, and that shows that it was meant we should play around, and have fun, and live in the country, and cultivate flowers and vegetables to live on. I have always felt so! and I always shall. I don't know that I'd be so particular about living in the country; but the playing part, that's what I'm particular about. If we lived on a farm, I suppose Theodore would wear cow-hide boots, and pants too tight and short for him, and a swallow-tailed coat. I declare! I'm afraid I never should have loved him, if I had seen him in such gear, although I have said forty times, that I should have known we were created for each other, if we had met under any circumstances; but I didn't think what a difference clothes make! Isn't he a magnificent looking man? Wouldn't anybody have been glad to have got him? I think it's the most wonderful thing in the world, how he ever thought of such a little giddy thing as I am! Such a great man, and so much older than I am! Thirty-two years old! No wonder he knows so much! Well, I must stop thinking of this! "To be, or not to be, that is the question!" Shall I go, or shall I not? Would he be very mad about it? or would he not? Let me see! He won't be home before ten or eleven. I can dress and go with Mrs. Williams, and then Fred shall bring me home before ten o'clock; and after a few days, some time when Theodore is in a most delicious humor, and perfectly carried away with my bewitchments, I'll gradually disclose the matter to him, and say I'll never do the like again, and its among the things of the past, an error which repentance or tears cannot efface; but the painful results will never be forgotten, namely, his look of disapprobation. I wonder if that will do!" Nellie broke into a low, gay laugh. She was a spoilt child; from her cradle she had been idolized, and taught that she could not be blamed for anything. But she buried her face in her hands, and reflected. That day she had received a note from a young gentleman, saying:

"DEAR ELLEN:—Will you come to the ball to-night? I have not seen Alice yet. I am on the rack, in excruciating torture. Your family and your husband don't fancy me, but you have known me from childhood. You ought to show mercy, rather than cruelty. Will you come?"

FREDERICK ORTON.

Nellie had read the letter drowned in tears. How would she have felt, if her family had

been so unjustly prejudiced against Theodore? Wouldn't she have expected some help from dear sister Alice? And shouldn't she help Alice in her extremity? even if Theodore should be vexed a little about it. Why did Theodore hate Fred Orton? He never said so; but she knew he didn't like him. Nellie wrote to Mr. Orton:

"POOR, DEAR FRED:—I'll come to the ball and speak with you, if I can. I'll always be your friend, even if my own flesh and blood don't do you justice. If you only knew how good father and mother really are, and that they have heard wrong stories about you, you wouldn't mind it. Your devoted sister

ELLEN."

Nellie dressed in white, looked like a veritable little angel, and went to the ball with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. She spoke with Fred, danced with him, took a letter for Alice, and told him how her precious sister was almost dying of a broken heart. Then, thinking she had spoken rather strongly, she added: "You know she feels so some of the time." When Fred came the second time to ask Nellie to dance, she thought his motion was slightly wavering. She attributed it to the agitation of his heart, on hearing about Alice, and he led her out on the floor. His breath was tintured with brandy. Nellie grew white, and begged him to take her back to her seat. He laughingly, but positively refused. "Good gracious!" she mentally ejaculated, "I shall die with shame to be dancing with a drunken man, and Theodore not here! I never should have believed the stories about Fred, if I hadn't been convinced with my own eyes and nose. Oh! what will Theodore say to me? Oh! if I had only done as he advised. If I had stayed at home—oh! I am so sorry I came! Shall I ever be able to tell Theodore? Suppose it should make trouble between us. Oh! I know now that I am such a miserable, wilful, perverse mortal. I was born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward! Nellie besought Mr. Williams to convey her home, the instant her agonizing dance was over. He did so. She entered the parlor with beating heart, with green veil on her head, with crape shawl thrown around her pretty figure. Theodore sat there.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands with a start, and then standing as motionless as if she had been shot. Theodore glared at her with a pale face, set lips, and flashing eyes. She said, with quivering lip, "I shall die, if you are going to look at me that way long! Oh, dear! I'm so miserable! I'm always getting my own head snapt off to accommodate other people."

"You have not injured yourself by accommodating me!" responded a deep, ferocious voice. "It wasn't for my own gratification that I went, Theodore."

"For whose gratification was it, madam?"—There was a shade less of ferocity in the tone.

"For my sister's!"

"Why didn't you tell me *why* you wanted to go, madam?"

"It was a secret between Alice and me; and I rather thought you liked me, and I might impose on you, as I used to on the girls at school that liked me. I don't mean *impose*,"—(Mr. Grenly fairly banged at the fire,)—"I mean—"

"What do you mean, Ellen Grenly?"

"I thought I could do just as I wanted to, and you'd make up, just as the girls used to."

"You thought your husband was like a girl, did you—*did* you?"

"Yes! I hoped so!"

"Well, madam, you will soon find out that you are married to a man who is not to be trifled with in this way."

"Oh, gracious Peter! what'll you do with me?"

"I'll send you back to your father's—to your pinafores—to your nursery—and I'll leave the country for two or three years, until a divorce can be obtained for separation. You may obtain the divorce, madam. I shall never want to hold one of your perfidious sex in my arms again. Women are one vast bundle of folly."

"I am a vast bundle of folly," sobbed Nellie, spasmodically, "but all of them are not—they're not I can prove it."

"I desire no proof from a woman of your—of your—of your calibre."

"I never was so sorry for anything in my life, Theodore. If you'll forgive me this time, I'll try and make you such a good wife. I won't disregard your advice, nor anything—nor—"

Mrs. Grenly wiped her tears on the corner of her shawl, and took occasion to look at her husband as she did so.

"You may come here, madam!"

Madam went, knowing the victory was won; her tears were dry in a moment.

"Nellie Grenly, look me right in the eyes!"

"Yes! there!"

And she concentrated her glorious laughing eyes upon him, trying very hard not to make a display of rebellious dimples. He began to doubt whether he had made a judicious request.

"Now, promise me," he said, "that as long as you live, you never will do anything I disapprove of; because it's clear you are a perfect baby."

"Oh! I can see myself in your eyes, just as plain as day!"

"Promise me."

"Did you know that your eyes were not all blue, but streaked—and streaked. What's the nature of the eye, tell me? What are its functions? You are always talking about duty, and functions, and all that."

"Ellen!" sternly.

"What?" very sweetly. "Oh! I guess I'll go and get and a drink."

"No! you won't stir a step, until you solemnly assure me that you never will go to any place that I advise you against."

"Oh! I hate to make such a promise."

"The reason I ask it, is because thousands of innocent women have been misjudged for innocent actions; and I would not have my little Nellie misjudged, when she is pure as an angel."

"I promise!"

"How did you feel, Nellie, when I threatened a separation?"

"I felt as if you couldn't be coaxed into it."

"Get down, this instant!"

And down went Nellie, with a little delicious peal of laughter. A profound silence of four minutes' continuance.

"I don't know that I care if you come back."

And back went Nellie, keeping her bewitching little mouth closed, until she could drop her face upon her husband's shoulder, and laugh to her heart's content.

"Do you know, Nellie, that some men would have sulked a month over your conduct to-night? Haven't you got an indulgent husband?"

"That I have! You don't thrust wrong constructions on my folly; and that is the very reason I am going to try and be as good and innocent as you think me. I feel as if I have been acting so wrongly."

AUSTRALIA.

BY WINIFRED WOODFERN.

High overhead the golden stars are shining,

In tranquil beauty, down on earth and me;

I am not sad, I am not weakly pining,

And yet I sit and sigh, and think of thee!

I think how by some lone Australian fountain,

While thy steed bends his graceful head to drink,

Thy thoughts may fly o'er desert, wave and mountain—

Thy lips may tremble, and thy heart may sink.

Oh, wanderer! more between us now is lying,

Than e'er we dream'd of in those days of yore!

Hearts changed, hopes dead, and old affections dying,

And the blue sea, that sweeps from shore to shore!

How true the words I spoke when last I met thee,

While the still moon looked calmly on my pains—

"I go my way, and thou wilt soon forget me!

And we shall never—never meet again!"

Are these the lips that trembled so in speaking

Those bitter words, which time has proved so true?

Is this the heart that hushed its rapid beating,

When near my side thy well-known footsteps drew?

These eyes might look upon thy glorious beauty,

And yet I doubt if tears would dim their light,—

And time, and change, and grief, and care, and duty,

All chill the welcome I should give to-night.

I have grown wise! The disciplines and trials

Through which I passed with bitter groans and tears,
Were but the golden hands upon God's dials,

Pointing me onward to serenest years!

Beneath my feet the "Enchanted Ground" is lying,

Where my soul slumbered in its onward way,—

And far above such idle grief and sighing,

I watch the dawning of a brighter day!

Yet, though philosophy may form the pillow

On which I lay my careless head each night,

One look I cast across the heaving billow,

While the sweet stars send down their golden light.

For when the heart has known such deep affection,

Some watch above its grave will Mem'ry keep,—

And how to-night each gentle recollection

May make me pensive, though I do not weep.

Thou, and thy steed, beside th' Australian fountain,

Rise up before me, when I think of thee,—

Thy blue eyes looking o'er each distant mountain

Back to thy home,—perchance, to love and me!

As some calm statue, in my mind I leave thee,

Content to think that thou art watching there;

And naught in life or death shall e'er bereave me,

Of this fair image of what once was fair!

FIGHT ON, BRAVE HEART, FIGHT ON.

Fight onwards to the breach, brave heart!

Where victory o'er Life is won;

To mourn is but the coward's part,

Thou hast the warrior's now begun;

Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drop,

But till thy wild pulsation stop,

Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

The knight of old sought Christ's dear grave,

When joy from earthly home had gone;

For this he dared the wintry wave,

And roam'd o'er burning waste alone.

Make thou a wiser pilgrimage.

To thine own grave, in youth or age,

Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

Ministry of War.

THE ALPINE MARMOT.

This interesting little animal belongs to the order *Rodentia* and the genus *Arctomys*, and is the species with which we are best acquainted. It is classed among rats by Linnæus, and in its appearance is compared by some writers to a diminutive bear or badger; but the disposition of its teeth, and its internal conformation, evince its closer affinity to the squirrel family.

The animal, when full grown, attains the size of a rabbit, measures about fifteen inches from the nose to the root of the tail, and two feet including the tail, and generally weighs about nine pounds.

These marmots inhabit the higher parts of the Alps and Pyrenees, just below the regions of perpetual snow, and are also found in some parts of Asia. They avoid moist places, and prefer small and narrow valleys, exposed to the south, south-east, or south-west. In such places they construct their domiciles under the earth, each family living in its distinct habitation. The entrance is usually placed under some stony mass. In forming their dwellings, they scoop out the earth with great dexterity and expedition. By throwing away a small part and beating the remainder close, they form a very compact and solid passage. Their excavations may be compared to the letter Y, the proper dwelling-place, or room, being at the point where the limbs branch off. The extreme length of the entire excavation is about twenty feet, when the branches are formed, and seldom less than eight feet when they are not. The first passage, which is barely wide enough to admit the animal, is about six feet in length; and the cell in which it terminates is round or oval, arched at top, and in its form may be compared to an oven. It is from three to seven feet in diameter, being larger or smaller according to the number of the family, and very comfortably lined with hay and moss, of which a good stock is laid in during the summer.

In these burrows the marmot spends one-half of the year in sleep. It retreats to them at a period which varies from the middle of September to the middle of October, according to the early or late approach of the winter. It remains shut up until March or April, and then removes the cement with which it had blocked up the entrance, by pulling it inward, and comes forth. At first, they go down to the lower part of the mountains, where the season is more advanced, and, on the approach of summer, return to the neighborhood of their proper homes.

The marmot,—organized for digging, destined

for an obscure, underground life, requiring for its nourishment only the herbs and roots which grow in the neighborhood of its habitation, and finding in its subterranean retreat the means of escape from most of its enemies,—does not possess the powers of many other animals of the order to which it belongs. It cannot leap like the rat, or climb like the squirrel. It walks but slowly, and raises itself to a short distance with effort; though it mounts with more facility than it descends. It rarely climbs, however, unless in the clefts of rocks, which it then does by the alternate use of its back and legs, in the same manner that chimneys are ascended by climbing-boys. Notwithstanding this want of agility, it does not appear that the marmots are often taken above ground, though they are usually out in sunshiny weather, in which they seem to have great enjoyment. Early in the morning, the old marmots come out of their holes; and, when the sun is higher, bring out their young ones. The latter scamper about on all sides, chase one another, and, when disposed for more quiet enjoyment, seat themselves on their hind-feet, and remain in that posture facing the sun, with an air expressive of great satisfaction. While these parties are thus amusing themselves, or busied in collecting food or materials with which to line their winter habitations, they are not unmindful of their personal safety. One of their number is posted as a sentinel upon a rock, or some other commanding spot, and if he perceives an enemy, or any unusual object that disquiets him, he sends forth a piercing cry, upon which the others retreat in all haste to their burrows, or, if these are too distant, ensconce themselves under the rocks. As they have great quickness of sight, and can discern an enemy at a great distance, they are rarely surprised.

The marmots never assume an offensive attitude towards other animals; and, when apprehensive for their safety, their first consideration is retreat. When afraid of any serious invasion, they forsake their habitations in entire families, and wander from mountain to mountain, until they find a spot where they deem it eligible to construct new retreats. When, however, they are driven to the last extremity, and retreat is impracticable, they defend themselves with great spirit, even against men and dogs; and with their teeth, with which they can inflict very terrible bites, and with their claws, they assail all who approach them.

When the marmots retreat to their cells for

their winter sleep, they are generally very fat, and continue so for nearly three months; but, after that, they gradually decline, and are very thin by the time they awake. In their torpid state, they lie in the hay close to one another, and rolled up like hedge-hogs, without exhibiting any visible appearances of life; but they may be revived by a gradual and gentle heat. From fifteen to sixteen are usually found together, and sometimes, but not often, two families are found in the same burrow; and still more rarely is one marmot found alone. During their winter sleep they are taken in great numbers, partly for the sake of their skins, which are used as furs, and partly for their flesh, which is then considered by the mountaineers as an agreeable article of food, but which is not relished by persons of more delicate appetite. The fat of the marmot, which tastes like hog's-lard, is considered by the inhabitants of the Alps to possess medicinal virtues. By the Savoyards they are chiefly taken for the pur-

pose of exhibiting them through various parts of Europe, after they have been tamed. A young one is easily domesticated, and may with little difficulty be taught to sit upright, or to walk on its hind feet. It is sometimes even taught to dance with a stick between its paws, and to perform a great variety of feats. In its tame state the marmot will eat almost everything, except flesh. When drinking, it raises its head at almost every sip, like a fowl, looking around with watchfulness and apprehension. It, however, drinks very little. Its most marked partiality is for milk and butter; and its strongest aversion is towards dogs. Unless carefully watched, it is very destructive to all kinds of provisions, clothes, linen and furniture; and the power of its teeth is such, that no cage that is not well guarded with iron can retain it in bondage. Tame marmots, if kept sufficiently warm, are able to dispense with their winter's sleep.

THE LOTUS.

There have, perhaps, been few botanic names so variously applied as that of *lotus*; nor are there many plants of which so much has been written. The Greeks and Romans seem to have mentioned so many different plants by the name, that it is not always easy to make out which of the number they are on any particular occasion describing. The name comes to us in Greek characters, and hence some persons have taken the trouble to try to find a meaning for it in that language, without considering that Herodotus, who himself calls it a species of lily, says that *lotos* is the Egyptian name. When Herodotus speaks of the *tree lotus*, he calls it the Cyrenaean Lotus. With regard to its extended application, the truth seems to be that at various times, and in various languages and nations, it has been applied to some plant of eminent use to man. The first mention of the name is by Homer, who speaks of a mild, hospitable race of men, whom he calls *Lotophagi* (lotus-eaters), because they entirely subsisted on the berry of the lotus, which had the power of making strangers who ate it forget their native country and distant friends. This plant is now generally considered to be the *rhamnus lotus* of Linnæus, which is a thorny shrub growing on the northern coast of Africa, and elsewhere on that continent, and producing a farinaceous berry about the size of an olive; which, being pounded in a wooden vessel, and afterwards dried in the sun, is made

into sweet-cakes, in color and flavor resembling gingerbread. The natives of the countries through which Mungo Park travelled esteem it highly, and in some places they prepare from it a sweet beverage.

The name of *lotus* has also been given to the *cyamus*, or sacred bean of India. In the ancient Hindoo system, this aquatic plant was the attribute of Ganga, the goddess of the Ganges; and, more generally, was an emblem of the great re-productive powers of the world, on which account it was held in religious veneration. The following account of the matter from the "Sheeve Purana," one of the sacred books of the Hindoos, may amuse our readers, though it may not afford them much edification. Bramah, one of the chief deities, is made to give this account of his origin. When Vishnu was about to create the world, he produced a lotus several thousand miles long, from the unfolded flower of which proceeded Bramah. He reflected, with much amazement, who he was and whence he came, and at last concluded that the lotus-flower was his author. He therefore travelled downward a hundred years in hope to reach the root; but, seeing no end of his journey, he turned about and travelled upward another century, without reaching the end of this immense plant. At last Vishnu was seen, and, a quarrel ensuing, the two gods were going to fight, when Siva appeared and prevented the combat. Vishnu then, in the

shape of a boar, travelled down the lotus a thousand years till he came to Patal; and Bramah wandered upwards, in the form of a goose, until he came to the world above. This fable not only accounts for the origin of the veneration paid to the lotus in India, but affords a fair average specimen of the Hindoo mythological system. Some writers have thought that Pythagoras, who is said to have travelled in India, referred to this plant when he commanded his followers to abstain from beans; and that, as the cyamus did not grow in Greece, he adopted the common bean as its representative.

The Egyptian lotus is mentioned in the following terms by the ancient Greek writers, Herodotus and Theophrastus. The former says: "The Egyptians, who live in the marshy grounds, make use of the following expedient to procure themselves more easily the means of subsistence. When the waters have risen to their extreme height, and all their fields are overflowed, there appears above the surface an immense quantity of plants of the lily species, which the Egyptians call the Lotos, and which they cut down and dry in the sun. The seed of the flower, which resembles that of the poppy, they bake, and make into a kind of bread; they also eat the root of this plant, which is round, of an agreeable flavor, and about the size of an apple."

Our wood-cut represents the Egyptian lotus, (*Nymphaea lotus*), and the blue lotus (*Nymphaea caerulea*.) The white species, from which the other is chiefly distinguished by the blue color of its flower, grows in the ditches and canals of Lower Egypt, and varies in size according to the depth of the water. The root is nearly a globular tubercle, about fifteen lines thick, (more than an inch and a quarter,) and covered with a dry, brown, and leathery skin. The leaf-stalks are cylindrical, about as large as the little finger, and garnished with five prickles; the length is proportionable to the depth of the water—short in rice-fields and low, marshy places, but sometimes five feet long in the lakes and canals. The leaf, which approaches to a circular shape, with short semi-lunar indentations around the circumference, varies from six inches to a foot in breadth. The calyx consists of four oval leaves—green below, but ruddy at the edges. The blossom consists of from sixteen to twenty petals, which only differ from the leaves of the calyx in being of a white color, and a little longer in shape. The centre of the flower is occupied by a half-globular ovary, to which adhere the leaves of the calyx, and the petals disposed in several ranks. The stamens,

which are more numerous than the petals, are inserted in the same manner around the ovary; they are straight and half as long as the petals, those nearest to the petals being the largest. The ovary is crowned by a flat stigma, divided into twenty or thirty rays. The fruit is round, hollow, soft, and pulpy, and covered with scales, which are the remains of the different parts of the flower. The divisions of this capsule correspond in number with the rays of the stigma, and form so many cells, each of which contains a large number of small, round, and mealy seeds.

At the present day the Egyptians make little use of either the white or blue species of the lotus. They esteem the latter most on account of its beautiful flower, which the ancient Egyptians used to make into crowns. The local name for both is *naufar*; and the white is distinguished as the "naufar of the hogs," and the blue as the "naufar of the Arabs."

VISION OF MILTON.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

What saw those sightless eyes in the strange visions
That penetrated a lost Paradise?
Satan—the Father of all Evil—and
Sin, his dark daughter, did before thee stand,
With all their gathered legions in thy sight,
And dim discerned armies pass'd before thee;
Those blinded orbs, too, pierc'd the blue skies o'er
thee,—
And angels serried their battalions bright;
Their shining shields flung o'er thine eyeballs dim,
The wondrous splendors of the upper Heaven—
Angels and cherubs, saint and seraphim,
All spiritual glories to thy sense were given!
Yea, in thy visual loss a priceless gain was found—
Thou with the grandest gifts of grace and genius
crown'd!

A MOTHER'S EYES.

A mother's eyes are magnets of the child,
To draw him up to boyhood; then, like stars,
They are put out by meteoric youth
Dimming the pure calm of their holy ray.
A mother's eyes the grown up man forgets,
As they had never been: with knitted brow,
The goddess pilot of Ambition's sea,
Steering his bark to islands all unknown
He never reaches. Lo! in dismal wreck
Those isles are covered with the ghosts of ships
That only drift there through Oblivion's night,
Touching the shore in silence.

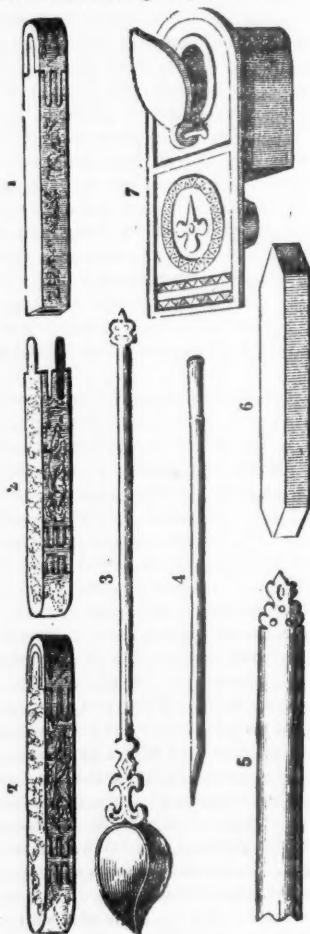
In old age,
Remembrance from her portrait lifts the veil,
And then a mother's eyes look forth again,
And through the soul's dark windows gaze, like doves
New lighted from the sky, and fill it thus
With thoughts of innocence and dreams of love.

IMPLEMENTS OF WRITING IN THE EAST.

It is still the custom in the East, as it was in Biblical times, to carry the inkhorn stuck in the girdle. Scribes carry them constantly in their girdles, and ministers of state wear them in the same manner, as symbols of their office. The form of these receptacles is adapted to this custom, as will appear by our present engraving. That in most general use is a flat case, about nine inches long by an inch and a quarter broad, and half an inch thick, the hollow of which serves to contain the reed pens and penknife. It is furnished at one end with a lid attached by a hinge. To the flat side of this shaft, at the end furnished with the lid, is soldered the ink-vessel, which has at the top a lid with a hinge and clasp, fitting very closely. The ink-vessel is usually twice as heavy as the shaft. The latter is passed through the girdle, and is prevented from slipping through by the projecting ink-vessel. The whole is usually of polished metal, brass, copper, or silver. The case for pens and ink is worn in the same manner by the Persians, but it is very different in its form and appearance. It is a long case, eight or nine inches long, by about one and a half broad, and rather less in depth, rounded at each end. It is made of paper, stiff as board, and the whole exterior is japanned and covered with richly colored drawings. This case contains another, which fits it exactly, and may be considered as a long drawer: it is of course uncovered at top, and slips into the outer case at one end, so that it can be easily drawn out, wholly or partially, to give access to the contents. These are shown in our engraving, and furnish an interesting exhibition of the utensils required by an Oriental writer. First there is the inkstand, which is so put into the case that it is the first thing that offers when the drawer is pulled out. It is of brass or silver, the upper surface being sometimes ornamented with mother-of-pearl and other materials; and is sometimes furnished with a small magnetic needle (as in our specimen), under a glass, to enable the proprietor to find the direction of Mecca when he prays. Then there is a little spoon, from which water

is dropped into the inkstand, for the purpose of diluting the ink when become too thick or dry. The case also usually contains four or five pens of reed, whence the whole is called a "pencase," rather than an "inkstand." As these pens are too thick-pointed to be nibbed on the nail, after our fashion with quill-pens, a thin piece of horn is provided, on which the pen is laid for the purpose. These are the more essential articles, but often a small whetstone is added, and also a pair of scissors for clipping paper. The former we have given, but not the latter.

[Modern Egyptian Writing Case and Instruments.]



find the direction of Mecca when he prays. Then there is a little spoon, from which water

1. Kalmidan, or Case for Pen and Ink; 2. 2. Parts of the same, separate; 3. Spoon for watering the ink; 4. Pen, formed of a Reed; 5. Thin piece of Horn, on which the Pen is mended; 6. Whetstone; 7. Ink-holder, with a compass.

Of these two sorts of "inkhorns," so to call them, the first is best adapted to be worn in the girdle; but the Persian is certainly more light and elegant, and at least equally convenient with reference to its proper use; but neither of them are at all suited for such thin inks as we employ. It may be difficult to say which of them the "inkhorns" of the Hebrews most resembled; but from its being worn in the girdle, it was doubtless something of the same kind.

COACHES.

In the fifteenth century coaches appear to have been used in processions, or other public ceremonies, rather as an ornament than a convenience, if we may judge by the clumsy form of the vehicle. The entrance of the ambassador Trevasi into Mantua, in a carriage, is noticed as early as the year 1433: and that of Frederick III. into Frankfort, in a covered coach, in the year 1475. It is a curious contrast to the rapidity with which new inventions are now adopted, that nearly a century elapsed before the covered carriage was introduced into England. Stowe, in his "Chronicle," under the year 1555, mentions the introduction in these terms: "This yeare Walter Ripon made a coach for the Earle of Rutland, which was the first coach (saith he) that ever was made in England. Since, to wit, in anno 1564, the said Walter Ripon made the first hollow-turning coach, with pillars and arches, for her majestie, being then her servant. Also, in anno 1584, a chariot-throne, with foure pillars behind to beare a canopie with a crowne imperiall on the toppe, and before two lower pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the armes of England." This chariot-throne was used by Queen Elizabeth in 1588, when she went to St. Paul's cathedral to return thanks for the delivery of her kingdom from the Spanish Armada. At this time coaches were so rare, that all her majesty's privy council and attendants accompanied her on horseback; but they appear to have become numerous before the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In 1600 four coaches accompanied an embassy to Morocco, through the city of London; and that of Russia, in the same year, mustered eight. A French mission of congratulation, on the accession of James I., three years later, rode in thirty coaches from the Tower wharf to the ambassador's dwelling in Barbican, and returned to their lodgings in Bishopsgate street in the evening, to the admiration of the citizens.

But the coaches of the sixteenth century were far from being the elegant vehicles now in use; and the common stage or hackney coach is perhaps more comfortable than the royal carriage of Queen Elizabeth, which must have been

something like a carriage of the present day, divested of its glass windows, and laid upon the axle without springs, like a wagon. When, in addition to these circumstances, we consider the state of the roads in those days, we shall not be surprised that even queens, on long journeys, preferred a pillion on horseback behind one of their officers—a mode of conveyance now abandoned to farmers' wives in remote villages.

The illustration given in this number may be considered a good representation of the ordinary coaches of the sixteenth century; it is taken from the plan of an Italian city, engraved in the sixteenth century, where it appears to be conveying a party on an excursion round the walls. One of the party is seated at the coach door, where we now place the steps, and the others inside. The coachman is seated very low, the wheels are high and massive, and the horses are evidently tugging against a dead weight without springs,—much in the manner of a couple of horses with an overloaded brewer's dray. The addition of glass windows to coaches first appears at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and that of springs about forty years later. This last addition, the most important of all for the comfort of the occupant and ease of draught, completed the coach as we now have it. It is still what it was then, a close vehicle suspended on springs, and furnished with doors and windows; increased skill and taste have produced a lighter, more elegant, and easier conveyance, but in all its essential parts the coach remains unaltered.

IN VAIN does human reason from hour to hour light some new torch on the roadside: the night continues to grow ever darker! Is it not because we are content to withdraw further and further from God, the sun of spirits?

WE ARE so made, that each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community: what passes in our minds infallibly seems to us a history of the universe. Every man is like the drunkard who reports an earthquake, because he feels himself staggering.

THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

Those good old days of stage-coaches! Time was spent in travelling then, to be sure; but, if one is travelling for pleasure, why is it not as well to be enjoying one's self on the route, as to be crowded a day or two earlier into the close rooms of Saratoga or Newport?

How many pleasant acquaintances were formed; how many agreeable conversations listened to; how much was to be learned of human nature in a single journey! Those were days of romance, before we have learned to regard as indispensable to comfort, the noise and confusion, the heat and dust, the smoke and hurry and danger of the railroad car.

I have preserved in manuscript, for more than twenty years, the record of one stage-coach journey, and the recollection of those pleasant days is still indelibly impressed upon my mind. One incident, related by our travelling companion, Mr. G., afterward Professor in a Western College, is too interesting to be longer shut up in the pages of this yellow, but much-prized journal.

Somewhere during this "stage," (it is difficult for journalists to give to every particular conversation "a local habitation and a name,") we talked of the freaks of fortune; or, rather, as a Christian should say, of the wonderful dispensations of Divine Providence, in the distribution of the good things of this life. Some incidents in the life of the Rev. Lewis Way, a distinguished clergyman of England, now living and extensively interested in the benevolent operations of the age, were mentioned. They were communicated by Mr. W., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Way, and had them from his own mouth.

When a young man, perhaps twenty years of age, Mr. Way visited London, with the curiosity which every Englishman feels to see its wonders. He was a young man of piety, talent, and respectable attainments, and anxious to obtain an education, with the purpose of devoting himself to the service of his Master in the ministry. During his stay in London, as he was one day walking along the streets, he saw upon the door-plate of a large and splendid house, his own name, Lewis Way. Without hesitating to inquire about the propriety of the thing, he stepped up to the door and rung the bell. A servant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Way within?" said the young man.

"Yes," replied the servant; "but he is busy now; he will be disengaged soon. Will you walk in?"

Way felt the awkwardness of his situation, and began now to think of making good his retreat.

"I have no particular business with Mr. Way," said he, "but seeing my own name upon the door, I had a curiosity to see the owner of the dwelling, and so made bold to ring the bell; but I will not intrude."

"Walk in! walk in!" cried a voice from within; "I shall be happy to see you."

It was the old gentleman himself, who, from an adjoining apartment, had overheard the conversation with the servant, and now felt as much curiosity as his young namesake. The servant ushered him into a spacious and elegant parlor, furnished in the best style of English grandeur, where he found himself alone with a venerable looking, grey-headed old gentleman, who affably took him by the hand, and welcomed him to his acquaintance. With all their skill and efforts in tracing genealogies, they were unable to make their families centre in any common stock. An hour flew by in varied and interesting discourse, in which the young man displayed so much good sense and information, that he won at once the confidence and favor of his host. In the course of the conversation, the old gentleman had occasion to leave the room once or twice to give some directions to the servants. When he returned, the young man was examining some paintings, of which there was a fine collection upon the walls.

"Are you fond of paintings?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I have a large collection up stairs, and should be happy to show them to you."

He then led the way to a chamber, hung round with many of the chef d'œuvres of the art, and spent some time in pointing out to him their beauties. Then, he threw open a door, which led into a gentleman's apartment elegantly furnished, in the midst of which lay the young man's own trunk and valise, which seemed to be transported thither by magic.

"These," said he, "you will consider as your apartments while you remain in the city. My servant has brought in your baggage, and I hope you will feel perfectly at home."

The young man, utterly confused by these strange occurrences, could only stammer out an awkward acknowledgment of his kindness, when the old gentleman, satisfied with the "luxury of doing good," left him to recover from his surprise, and go over in his own mind a chapter in the vicissitudes of human life.

Here he remained for several weeks, happy in the society of his benefactor, and confirming the favorable impressions he had made on his mind at his first introduction.

The old gentleman was a rich and pious man, retired from business, and living at his ease, whose only cause of grief was, that he was "all alone." He had neither wife, nor child, nor near of kin to cheer him in his age and solitude. The fibres of his heart, like the tendrils of the vine, that have long sought in vain some resting place, clung closely to this young man, and he loved him as he would have loved the "son of his old age." But he felt that it was not right for him to monopolise his society and his talents.

"Why do you not," said he to him one day, as he was talking with him, "why do you not study for the ministry?"

"It has long been the desire of my heart to do so," said the young man, "but I have been hitherto straitened for means."

"That need be no hindrance," said he, and he opened an escritoire, and counted out to him three or four hundred guineas, and bade him go to Edinburgh and enter the School of Divinity there. He remained at Edinburgh about two years, occasionally visiting the old gentleman, and receiving from him continual tokens of his friendship.

One day an express from London announced to him the sudden death of the old gentleman, and summoned him down to London to attend the funeral. He mourned deeply for him, for he had come to love him as a father, and had "grappled him to his soul with hooks of steel."

The next morning after the funeral, the old man's executor opened his *will*; and upon examining it, it was found that he had left his whole estate, amounting to more than \$2,000,000, to this young man.

The news of this sudden elevation of fortune was speedily noised abroad, and multitudes thronged in to pay their devoirs to the new lord of ——— estate. Servants and tenants were anxious to ingratiate themselves with their new master and landlord, and officiously strove to do him honor.

"Will you have the coach," inquired the attorney, "and take a turn with me in the city?"

"Which horses will you have, sir," said the servant, "the greys or the bays?"

"May I have the pleasure to attend your honor?" cries another. The attorney interposed, and gave the necessary directions. As they rode through the streets, the attorney pointed out to young Way this new hotel, and that fine mansion, and the other splendid row

belonging to his estate. His mind was a theatre of antagonist passions and emotions. He was unable to collect or arrange his scattered thoughts, and he was passive in their hands, and they carried him whither they would.

That night he dreamed unutterable things. His perturbed faculties, like the troubled sea, found no rest. Early the next morning, he summoned his servant.

"Let all the servants be dismissed." Hire me a hundred new servants. Buy me a hundred new horses, that I may have them all harnessed to a single coach and drive about the city."

Poor man! His wits are turned. Sudden elation has made him dizzy. For the next six months he is the tenant of a mad-house; and when, at length, reason begins to re-ascend her throne, all recollections of his fortune, of the old man, his strange rencontre with him and subsequent fortune, had passed from his mind as the "baseless fabric of a vision."

Gradually his mind regained its healthful tone, and the physician sought anxiously for some prudent way to disclose to him the secret of his fortune. At length, he hit upon the following expedient:

"I have learned," said he, "that a gentleman of your name has recently died in the city, and has left you a small tenement in ——— street. Now, as you are here on expense, without the means of defraying it, I should advise you to let one-half of it, and live in the other half, upon the rent."

Way was very much surprised at the circumstance, expressed his gratitude for this God-send, and embraced the proposal of his physician. At the end of a few weeks, and as he thought he could bear it, the physician let him gradually into the secret of his fortune, and he was put in possession of his immense estate.

He is now a popular and useful minister near London, and conscientiously devotes his wealth to the melioration of the condition of his race, and the promotion of the kingdom of his Redeemer.

On how slight circumstances often turns the fate of individuals and communities! A providence less than *universal* would be no providence; and if there be not a "Divinity that shapes our ends," in the minutest and most trifling events, there can be none in the mighty and vast. A God less than *omniscient and all-wise*, were no object of confidence and love. There is consolation and inimitable beauty in the saying of our Saviour: "The very hairs of your heads are all numbered." M. H.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The class of manuscripts adorned by pictures or illuminations previously to the fifteenth century were chiefly religious or historical works, as Bibles, Psalters, Missals, Chronicles or Registers of monasteries, books of Heraldry and Chivalry, &c., with some few translations from the ancient writers: but on the approach of the fifteenth century, Tales and Romances, with other productions of a light nature, becoming much patronised, caused a great improvement in art, by exciting the imaginations of the artists on new and more ideal subjects. Patronised by the courtly dames and chevaliers of "la belle France," the miniaturists used their best efforts to render those poems and romances as attractive to the eye as they were to the ear of youth and beauty; and how well they succeeded let the glittering remnants of their art, of the fifteenth century, which have escaped the destructive hand of time and barbarism, themselves testify. One of the earliest romances with which we are acquainted, is one now in the Bodleian Library, of the fourteenth century, known as the 'Roman d'Alexandre,' which, for the period in which it was executed, is very beautifully illuminated. It is noticed by Dibdin, and has been described at some length by Wharton and Ellis; Strutt has copied several of the miniatures.

The fifteenth century is remarkably profuse in illuminated romances, poems, &c. Of the very commencement is one now in the British Museum, being a collection of poems by Christine of Pisa. This is a large folio of 398 leaves of vellum, written in double columns in a small Gothic letter. The writing itself is not deserving of notice on account of any beauty of execution, but it is illustrated by so extraordinary a number of miniatures, generally of about six inches in height, by three or four in width, drawn in the most elaborate and graceful manner, that the work presents one of the most dazzling and elegant specimens of the art of a miniaturist which that period can boast, rich as it is in specimens of this nature. The superb illumination from which our engraving has been copied, is at the beginning of the work. The engraving gives a good representation (on a diminished scale) of the subject of this drawing, but the effect is so greatly heightened in the original by the colors, that it scarcely appears the same thing. It represents the presentation of the book by the authoress to her patroness, Isabel of Bavaria, the queen of Charles VI., who, seated on a couch,

is habited in a rich crimson robe lined with ermine, and covered with golden ornaments, confined at the waist by a green girdle. Her majesty has her hair dressed in the very extremity of the prevailing fashion, the cushion being completely covered with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Her face and hands are finished in the most delicate manner, the features having all the characteristics of a portrait 'ad vivum.' The two ladies by her side—princesses, or maids of honor,—have head-dresses similar to that worn by the queen, being adorned like it with ornaments; but the rest of their apparel is less splendid, both being clad in black. The four females near the bed are probably less distinguished ladies of the court, as their garments and head dresses, though of more showy colors, do not appear to be so aristocratic as those in which the others are habited. The centre of the group is occupied by the fair authoress, who, dressed in a plain and neat blue gown, is kneeling at the feet of the queen, to whom she presents the volume of her poems. The drapery of the bed is of a bright scarlet, and the hangings of the walls of blue silk, fretted with fleurs de lis and lozenges of gold, which are also embroidered on the bed coverings. Beneath this drawing is the dedicatory inscription, surrounded by an elegant border, which divides the columns, and runs up each side of the page.

Christine de Pisan was born at Bologna (la



[The Goddess Diana.]

Grasse) in 1364. In her fifth year she was taken to Paris by her father (whom she alludes to in the above MS. as being patronised by the king),

and in her 15th year she married Stephen Castel, a young gentleman of Picardy, who died at the age of 34, in 1389. She is said only to have commenced authoress at the age of thirty-five, but after that time several productions emanated from her pen, both in prose and verse, some of which Caxton printed. We cannot leave this MS. of her poems without introducing a copy from a very elegant miniature in the book, intended for the goddess Diana. It is remarkable for the simple beauty of the composition, and is very similar in character to many of the heads of the Virgin, which the Italian painters, some few years after, delighted to portray.

DESIGNS FOR NEEDLEWORK.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

When a pleasing combination of color is sought in a pattern of any kind, it is much more likely to be obtained by treating the color as so many mere spots or portions of a geometrical figure, and by disposing them *solely* with reference to effect, than by beginning at the other end, and thinking it essential to imitate some definite object, such as a leaf or flower, which is often very ill adapted to the purpose, and after all is badly executed in detail. The general effect is thus marred, and no excellence of the part produced sufficient to compensate for its loss. The present fashion of worsted work as executed by ladies often displays still more perverted ingenuity and misapplied labor. Whole pictures, requiring for their proper effect, either of composition or color, the most delicate half-tints and softened shadows, are executed in little inharmonious square patches, with the most labored accuracy, and when finished are greatly inferior to a colored print. The patterns best adapted to this kind of work are such as are given in *figs. 1 and 2*, in which a skilful arrangement of geometrical figures almost makes the pattern. The more complicated of the two is copied from an ancient marble pavement at Pompeii, and, if properly filled up with color, would be admirably adapted to worsted work. The second is much more simple, and is taken from a piece of work of the kind alluded to; it is executed in dark purple and straw color. The principal of the patterns is visible, especially in Eastern work, such as Turkey and Persian carpets, and Cashmere shawls—thick, close patterns, strongly contrasted in color, so small in the details that nothing but the general effect is apprehended by the eye, and that any portion of it, however minute, is, as to color, complete in itself. *Figure 3* represents a part of the border of a Persian

rug, and contrasts advantageously with many of our carpets, in which a long straggling sprig or branch meanders in curves of two or three feet span along the whole drawing room. When a stuff of this kind is cut by furniture standing on it, or interrupted by folds, the small portions are equally ugly and unintelligible, while to appreciate the general effect, if any is aimed at, it ought from the size of the pattern, to be seen at a distance of 100 feet.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE LOVE of self is a merely corporeal love. The loves of self and of the world are the roots or origins from which evils and falses of every genus and species bud forth and are born.

IF THE enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *trust* and *hope*.

KNOWLEDGE, which is of thought, in the spiritual world occasions presence; and that affection which is of love occasions conjunction; and, according to conjunction, love will be reciprocal.

THE ELEMENTS of society go on towards perfection, like every thing else; the difficulty is to know how to adapt ourselves to the slow step of time, whose progress can never be forced on without danger.

PLATO has said, that *the beautiful is nothing else than the visible form of the good*. If it is so, the ugly should be the visible form of the evil, and, by constantly beholding it, the mind insensibly deteriorates.

BAD CONDUCT results, for the most part, from mistaking our calling. There are so many fools and knaves, because there are so few men who know themselves. The question is not to discover what will suit us, but for what we are suited!

WHOEVER feels himself incapable of command, at least desires to obey a powerful chief. Serfs have been known to consider themselves dishonored when they became the property of a mere count after having been that of a prince, and St. Simon mentions a valet who would only wait upon marquises.

THE INWARD turmoils of most men are stifled by the outward ones; life does not give them time to question themselves. Have they time to know what they are, and what they should be, whose whole thoughts are in the next lease, or the last price of stocks? Heaven is very high, and wise men look only to the earth.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 306.]

CHAPTER IX.

The maiden's thoughts were yet bewildered, and her heart beating tumultuously, when her quick ears caught the sound of other footsteps than those to whose retreating echoes she had been so intently listening. Hastily retreating into the summer house, she crouched low upon one of the seats, in order, if possible, to escape observation. But, nearer and nearer came the slow, heavy footfall of a man, and ere she had time to repress, by a strong effort, the agitation that made itself visible in every feature, Mr. Allison was in her presence. It was impossible for her to restrain an exclamation of surprise, or to drive back the crimson from her flushing face.

"Pardon the intrusion," said the old gentleman, in his usual mild tone. "If I had known that you were here, I would not have disturbed your pleasant reveries."

Some moments elapsed, ere Fanny could venture a reply. She feared to trust her voice, lest more should be betrayed than she wished anyone to know. Seeing how much his presence disturbed her, Mr. Allison stepped back a pace or two, saying as he did so,—

"I was only passing, my child; and will keep on my way. I regret having startled you by my sudden appearance."

He was about retiring, when Fanny, who felt that her manner must strike Mr. Allison as very singular, made a more earnest effort to regain her self-possession, and said, with a forced smile:

"Don't speak of intrusion, Mr. Allison. Your sudden coming did startle me. But that is past."

Mr. Allison, who had partly turned away, now advanced towards Fanny, and taking her hand, looked down into her face, from which the crimson flush had not yet retired, with an expression of tender regard.

"Your father is still absent, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"He will be home soon."

"We hope so. His visit to New York was unexpected."

"And you, therefore, feel his absence the more."

"O yes;" replied Fanny, now regaining her

usual tone of voice, and easy address; "and it seems impossible for us to be reconciled to the fact."

"Few men are at home more than your father," remarked Mr. Allison. "His world it might be said, is included in the circle of his beloved ones."

"And I hope it will always be so."

Mr. Allison looked more earnestly into the young maiden's face. He did not clearly understand the meaning of this sentence, for, in the low tones that gave it utterance, there seemed to his ear a prophecy of change. Then he remembered his recent conversation with her father, and light broke in upon his mind. The absence of Mr. Markland had, in all probability, following the restless, dissatisfied state, which all had observed, already awakened the concern of his family, lest it should prove only the beginning of longer periods of absence.

"Business called your father to New York," said Mr. Allison.

"Yes; so he wrote home to mother. He went to the city in the morning, and we expected him back as usual in the evening, but he sent a note by the coachman saying that letters just received made it necessary for him to go on to New York immediately."

"He is about entering into business again, I presume."

"Oh, I hope not!" replied Fanny.

Mr. Allison remained silent for some moments and then said—

"I thought your visitor, Mr. Lyon, went South several days ago."

"So he did," answered Fanny in a quickened tone of voice, and with a manner slightly disturbed.

"Then I was in error," said Mr. Allison, speaking partly to himself. "I thought I passed him in the road, half an hour ago. The resemblance was at least a very close one. You are certain he went South?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Fanny quickly.

Mr. Allison looked intently upon her, until her eyes wavered and fell to the ground. He continued to observe her for some moments, and only withdrew his gaze, when he saw that she was about to look up. A faint sigh parted the old man's lips. Ah! if a portion of his wisdom, experience, and knowledge of character, could only be imparted to that pure young spirit, just about venturing forth into a world where

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

mere appearances of truth deceive and fascinate.

"Does Mr. Lyon design returning soon from the South?"

"I heard him say to father that he did not think he would be in this part of the world again for six or eight months."

And again the eyes of Fanny shunned the earnest gaze of Mr. Allison.

"How far South does he go?"

"I am not able to answer you clearly; but, I think I heard father say, that he would visit Central America."

"Ah! He is something of a traveller then?"

"Yes, sir; he has travelled a great deal."

"He is an Englishman?"

"Yes, sir. His father is an old business friend of my father's."

"So I understood."

There was a pause, in which Mr. Allison seemed to be thinking intently.

"It is a little singular, certainly," said he, as if speaking only to himself.

"What is singular?" asked Fanny, looking curiously at her companion.

"Why, that I should have been so mistaken. I doubted not, for a moment, that the person I saw was Mr. Lyon."

Fanny did not look up. If she had done so, the gaze fixed upon her, would have sent a deeper crimson to her cheek than flushed it a few moments before.

"Have you any skill in reading character, Fanny?" asked Mr. Allison, in a changed and rather animated voice, and with a manner that took away the constraint that had, from the first, oppressed the mind of the young girl.

"No very great skill, I imagine," was the smiling answer.

"It is a rare, but valuable gift," said the old man. "I was about to call it an art; but it is more a gift than an art; for, if not possessed by nature, it is too rarely acquired. Yet, in all pure minds, there is something that we may call analogous—a perception of moral qualities in those who approach us. Have you never felt an instinctive repugnance to a person on first meeting him?"

"O, yes."

"And been as strongly attracted in other cases?"

"Often."

"Have you ever compared this impression with your subsequent knowledge of the person's character?"

Fanny thought for a little while, and then said—

"I am not sure that I have, Mr. Allison."

"You have found yourself mistaken in persons after some acquaintance with them?"

"Yes; more than once."

"And, I doubt not, that if you had observed the impression these persons made on you when you met them for the first time, you would have found that impression a true index to their characters. Scarcely noticing these first impressions, which are instinctive perceptions of moral qualities, we are apt to be deceived by the exterior which almost every one assumes on a first acquaintance; and then, if we are not adepts at reading character, we may be a long time in finding out the real quality. Too often this real character is manifested, after we have formed intimate relations with the person, that may not be dissolved while the heart knows a life-throb. Is that not a serious thought, Fanny?"

"It is, Mr. Allison—a very serious, and a solemn thought."

"Do you think that you clearly comprehend my meaning?"

"I do not know that I see all you wish me to comprehend," answered Fanny.

"May I attempt to make it clearer?"

"I always listen to you with pleasure and profit, Mr. Allison," said Fanny.

"Did you ever think that your soul had senses as well as your body?" inquired the old man.

"You ask me a strange question. How can a mere spirit—an airy something, so to speak—have senses?"

"Do you never use the word—'I see it clearly'—meaning that you see some form of truth presented to your mind. As, for instance,—if I say, 'To be good is to be happy,' you will answer, 'O, yes. I see that clearly.' Your soul, then, has, at least, the sense of sight. And that it has the sense of taste also, will, I think, be clear to you, when you remember how much you enjoy the reading of a good book, wherein is food for the mind. Healthy food is sometimes presented in so unpalatable a shape, that the taste rejects it; and so it is with truth, which is the mind's food. I instance this, to make it clearer to you. So, you see, that the soul has, at least, two senses—sight and taste. That it has feeling, needs scarcely an illustration. The mind is hurt quite as easily as the body, and the pain of an injury is usually more permanent. The child who has been punished unjustly, feels the injury inflicted on his spirit, days, months, and, it may be, years, after the body has lost the smarting consciousness of stripes. And you know that sharp words pierce the mind with acutest pain. We may *speak* daggers, as well as use them. Is this at all clear to you, Miss Markland?"

"Oh, very clear! How strange that I should never have thought of this myself. Yes—I see, hear, taste, and feel with my mind, as well as with my body."

"Think a little more deeply," said the old man. "If the mind have senses, must it not have a body?"

"A body! You are going too deep for me, Mr. Allison. We say *mind* and *body*, to indicate that one is immaterial, and the other substantial."

"May there not be such a thing as a spiritual, as well as a material substance?"

"To say spiritual substance, sounds, in my ears, like a contradiction in terms," said Fanny.

"There must be a substance, before there can be a permanent impression. The mind receives and retains the most lasting impressions; therefore, it must be an organized substance—but spiritual, not material. You will see this clearer, if you think of the endurance of habit. As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined, is a trite saying that aptly illustrates the subject about which we are now conversing. If the mind were not a substance and a form, how could it receive and retain impressions?"

"True."

"And to advance a step farther—if the mind have form, what is that form?"

"The human form, if any," was the answer.

"Yes. And of this truth, the minds of all men have a vague perception. A cruel man is called a human monster. In thus speaking, no one thinks of the mere physical body, but of the inward man. About a good man, we say there is something truly human. And believe me, my dear young friend, that our spirits are as really organized substances as our bodies—the difference being, that one is an immaterial and the other a material substance; that we have a spiritual body, with spiritual senses, and all the organs and functions that appertain to the material body, which is only a visible and material outbirth from the spiritual body, and void of any life but what is thence derived."

"I see, vaguely, the truth of what you say," remarked Fanny—"and am bewildered by the light that falls into my mind."

"My purpose, in all this," said Mr. Allison, "is to lead you to the perception of a most important fact. Still let your thoughts rest intently on what I am saying. You are aware of the fact, that material substances, as well inorganic, as organic, are constantly giving off into the atmosphere minute particles, which we call odors, and which reveal to us their quality? The rose, and nightshade, the hawthorn, and cicutia, fill the air around them with odors which

our bodily senses instantly perceive. And it is the same with animals and men. Each has a surrounding material sphere, which is perceived on a near approach, and which indicates the material quality. Now, all things in nature are but effects from interior causes, and correspond to them in every minute particular. What is true of the body, will be found true of the mind. Bodily form and sense, are but the manifestation, in this outer world, of the body and senses that exist in the inner world. And if around the natural body there exist a sphere by which the natural senses may determine its quality of health or impurity, in like manner is there around the spiritual body a sphere of its quality, that may be discerned by the spiritual senses. And now I come back to the philosophy of first impressions, a matter so little understood by the world. These first impressions are rarely at fault, and why? Because the spiritual quality is at once discerned by the spiritual sense. But, as this kind of perception does not fall into the region of thought, it is little heeded by the many. Some, in all times, have observed it more closely than others, and we have proverbs that could only have originated from such observation. We are warned to beware of that man from whose presence a little child shrinks. The reason to me is plain. The innocent spirit of the child is affected by the evil sphere of the man, as its body would be if brought near to a noxious plant that was filling the air with its poisonous vapors. And now, dear Fanny"—Mr. Allison took the maiden's hand in his, and spoke in a most impressive voice—"think closely and earnestly on what I have said. If I have taxed your mind with graver thoughts than are altogether pleasant, it is because I desire most sincerely to do you good. The world into which you are about stepping is a false and evil world, and along all its high-ways and bye-ways are scattered the sad remains of those who have perished ere half their years were numbered; and of the crowd that press onward, even to the farthest verge of natural life, how few escape the too common lot of wretchedness. The danger that most threatens you, in the fast approaching future, is that which threatens every young maiden. Your happiness or misery hangs nicely poised, and if you have not a wise discrimination, the scale may take a wrong preponderance. Alas! if it should be so!"

Mr. Allison paused a moment, and then said: "Shall I go on?"

"O, yes! Speak freely. I am listening to your words as if they came from the lips of my own father."

"An error in marriage is one of life's saddest errors," said Mr. Allison.

"I believe that," was the maiden's calm remark; yet Mr. Allison saw that her eyes grew instantly brighter, and the hue of her cheeks warmer.

"In a *true* marriage, there must be good moral qualities. No pure minded woman can love a man for an instant after she discovers that he is impure, selfish and evil. It matters not how high his rank, how brilliant his intellect, how attractive his exterior person, how perfect his accomplishments. In her inmost spirit she will shrink from him, and feel his presence as a sphere of suffocation. Oh! can the thought imagine a sadder lot for a true-hearted woman! And there is no way of escape. Her own hands have wrought the chains that bind her in a most fearful bondage."

Again Mr. Allison paused, and regarded his young companion with a look of intense interest.

"May heaven spare you from such a lot!" he said, in a low, subdued voice.

Fanny made no reply. She sat with her eyes resting on the ground, her lips slightly parted, and her cheeks of a paler hue.

"Can you see any truth in what I have been saying?" asked Mr. Allison, breaking in upon a longer pause than he had meant should follow his last remark.

"Oh, yes, yes; much truth. A new light seems to have broken suddenly into my mind."

"Men bear about them a spiritual as well as a natural sphere of their quality."

"If there is a spiritual form, there must be a spiritual quality," said Fanny, partly speaking to herself, as if seeking more fully to grasp the truth she uttered.

"And spiritual sense, as well, by which qualities may be perceived," added Mr. Allison.

"Yes,—yes." She still seemed lost in her own thoughts.

"As our bodily senses enable us to discern the quality of material objects, and thus to appropriate what is good, and reject what is evil; in like manner will our spiritual senses serve us, and in a much higher degree, if we will but make the effort to use them."

"I see but darkly. Oh! that my vision were clearer!" exclaimed the maiden, while a troubled expression slightly marred her beautiful face.

"Ever, my dear young friend," said Mr. Allison, impressively, "be true to your native instincts. They will quickly warn you, if evil approaches. Oh! heed the warning. Give no favorable regard to the man towards whom you feel an instinctive repulsion at the first meeting.

No matter what his station, connexions, or personal accomplishments—heed the significant warning. Do not let the fascinations of a brilliant exterior, nor even ardent expressions of regard, make you for a moment forget that, when he first came near you, your spirit shrunk away, as from something that would do it harm. If you observe such a man closely, weigh all that he does and says, when ardent in the pursuit of some desired object, you will not lack for more palpable evidences of his quality than the simple impression which the sphere of his life made at your first meeting. Guarded as men are, who make an exterior different from their real quality, they are never able to assume a perfect disguise—no more than a deformed person can so hide, by dress, the real shape, that the attentive eye cannot discern its lack of symmetry. The eyes of your spirit see truths, as your natural eyes see material objects; and truths are real things. There are true principles, which, if obeyed, lead to what is good; and there are false principles, which, if followed, lead to evil. The one conducts to happiness, the other to inevitable misery. The warning which another sense, corresponding with the perception of odors in the body, gives you of evil in a man, at his first approach, is intended to put you on your guard, and lead to a closer observation of the person. The eyes of your understanding, if kept clear, will soon give you evidence as to his quality that cannot be gained. And, believe me, Fanny, though a slight acquaintance may seem to contradict the instinctive judgment, in nine cases out of ten the warning indication will be verified in the end. Do you understand me?"

"O yes—yes," was the low, but earnest response. Yet the maiden's eyes were not lifted from the ground.

"Will you try and remember what I have said, Fanny?"

"I can never forget it, Mr. Allison—never!" She seemed deeply disturbed.

Both were silent for some time. Mr. Allison then said:

"But the day is waning, my dear young friend. It is time we were both at home."

"True." And Fanny arose and walked by the old man's side, until their ways diverged. Both of their residences were in sight and near at hand.

"Do not think of me, Fanny," said Mr. Allison, when about parting with his companion, "as one who would oppress you with thoughts too serious for your years. I know the dangers that lie in your path of life, and only seek to guard you from evil. Oh! keep your spirit

pure, and its vision clear. Remember what I have said, and trust in the unerring instinct given to every innocent heart."

The old man had taken her hand, and was looking tenderly down upon her sweet, young face. Suddenly her eyes were lifted to his. There was a strong light in them.

"God bless you, sir!"

The energy with which these unexpected words were spoken, almost startled Mr. Allison. Ere he had time for a response, Fanny had turned from him, and was bounding away with fleet footsteps towards her home.

CHAPTER X.

Earnestly as Fanny Markland strove to maintain a calm exterior before her mother and aunt, the effort availed not; and so, as early in the evening as she could retire from the family, without attracting observation, she did so. And now she found herself in a state of deep disquietude. Far too young was the maiden to occupy, with any degree of calmness, the new position in which she was so unexpectedly placed. The sudden appearance of Mr. Lyon, just when his image was beginning to take the highest place in her mind, and the circumstances attending that appearance, had, without effacing the image, dimmed its brightness. Except for the interview with Mr. Allison, this effect might not have taken place. But his words had penetrated deeply, and awakened mental perceptions that it was now impossible to obscure by any fond reasonings in favor of Mr. Lyon. How well did Fanny now remember the instant repulsion felt towards this man, on their first meeting. She had experienced an instant constriction about the heart, as if threatened with suffocation. The shadow, too, about which Aunt Grace had spoken, had also been perceived by her. But in a little while, under the sunshine of a most fascinating exterior, all these first impressions were lost, and, but for the words of Mr. Allison, would have been regarded as false impressions. Too clearly had the wise old man presented the truth—too carefully had he elevated her thoughts into a region where the mind sees with a steadier vision—to leave her in danger of entering the wrong way, without a distinct perception that it was wrong.

In a single hour, Fanny's mind had gained a degree of maturity, which, under the ordinary progression of her life, would not have come for years. But for this, her young, pure heart would have yielded without a struggle. No voice of warning would have mingled in her ears with the sweet voice of the wooer. No string would have jarred harshly amid the har-

monies of her life. The lover who came to her with so many external blandishments—who attracted her with so powerful a magnetism—would have still looked all perfection in her eyes. Now, the film was removed; and if she could not see all that lay hidden beneath a fair exterior, enough was visible to give the sad conviction that evil might be there.

Yet, was Fanny by no means inclined to turn herself away from Mr. Lyon. Too much power over her heart had already been acquired. The ideal of the man had grown too suddenly into a most palpable image of beauty and perfection. Earnestly did her heart plead for him. Sad, even to tears, was it, at the bare thought of giving him up. There was yet burning on her pure forehead, the hot kiss he had left there a few hours before—her hand still felt his thrilling touch—his words of love were in her ears—she still heard the impassioned tones in which he had uttered his parting "God bless you!"

Thus it was with the gentle-hearted girl, exposed, far too soon in life, to influences which stronger spirits than hers could hardly have resisted.

Midnight found Mrs. Markland wakeful and thoughtful. She had observed something unusual about Fanny, and noted the fact of her early retirement, that evening, from the family. Naturally enough, she connected this change in her daughter's mind with the letter received from Mr. Lyon, and it showed her but too plainly that the stranger's image was fixing itself surely in the young girl's heart. This conviction gave her pain rather than pleasure. She, too, had felt that quick repulsion towards Mr. Lyon, at their first meeting, to which we have referred; and with her, no after acquaintance ever wholly removed the effect of a first experience like this.

Midnight, as we have said, found her wakeful and thoughtful. The real cause of her husband's absence was unknown to her; but, connecting itself, as it did, with Mr. Lyon,—he had written her that certain business, which he had engaged to transact for Mr. Lyon, required his presence in New York—and following so soon upon his singularly restless and dissatisfied state of mind, the fact disquieted her. The shadow of an approaching change was dimming the cheerful light of her spirit.

Scarcely a moment since the reception of her husband's letter, enclosing one for Fanny, was the fact that Mr. Lyon had made advances towards her daughter—yet far too young to have her mind bewildered by love's mazy dream—absent from her mind. It haunted even her sleeping hours. And the more she

thought of it, the more deeply it disturbed her. As an interesting, and even brilliant, companion, she had enjoyed his society. With more than usual interest had she listened to his varied descriptions of personages, places, and events; and she had felt more than a common admiration for his high mental accomplishments. But, whenever she imagined him the husband of her pure-hearted child, it seemed as if a heavy hand lay upon her bosom, repressing even respiration itself.

Enough was crowding into the mind of this excellent woman to drive slumber from her eyelids. The room adjoining was occupied by Fanny, and, as the communicating door stood open, she was aware that the sleep of her child was not sound. Every now and then she turned restlessly in her bed; and sometimes muttered incoherently. Several times did Mrs. Markland raise herself and lean upon her elbow, in a listening attitude, as words, distinctly spoken, fell from the lips of her daughter. At last the quickly uttered sentence, "Mother! Mother! Come!" caused her to spring from the bed and hurry to her child.

"What is it, Fanny? What has frightened you?" she said, in a gentle, encouraging voice. But Fanny only muttered something incoherent, in her sleep, and turned her face to the wall.

For several minutes did Mrs. Markland sit upon the bedside, listening, with an oppressed feeling, to the now calm respiration of her child. The dreams which had disturbed her sleep, seemed to have given place to other images. The mother was about returning to her own pillow, when Fanny said, in a voice of sad entreaty—

"Oh! Mr. Lyon! Don't! don't!"

There was a moment or two of breathless stillness, and then, with a sharp cry of fear, the sleeper started up, exclaiming—

"Mother! Father! O, come to me! Come!"

"Fanny, my child!" was the mother's instant response, and the yet half dreaming girl fell forward into her arms, which were closed tightly around her. What a strong thrill of terror was in every part of her frame!

"Dear Fanny! What ails you? Don't tremble so! You are safe in my arms. There, love! Nothing shall harm you."

"Oh, mother! dear mother! is it you?" half sobbed the not yet fully awakened girl.

"Yes, love. You are safe with your mother. But what have you been dreaming about?"

"Dreaming!" Fanny raised herself from her mother's bosom, and looked at her with a bewildered air.

"Yes, dear—dreaming. This is your own room, and you are on your own bed. You have only been frightened by a fearful dream."

"Only a dream! How thankful I am! Oh! it was terrible!"

"What was it about, daughter?" asked Mrs. Markland.

Fanny, whose mind was getting clearer and calmer, did not at once reply.

"You mentioned the name of Mr. Lyon," said the mother.

"Did I?" Fanny's voice expressed surprise.

"Yes. Was it of him that you were dreaming?"

"I saw him in my dream," was answered.

"Why were you afraid of him?"

"It was a very strange dream, mother—very strange," said Fanny, evidently not speaking from a free choice. "I thought I was in our garden among the flowers. And as I stood there, Mr. Lyon came in through the gate and walked up to me. He looked just as he did when he was here; only it seemed that about his face and form there was even a manlier beauty. Taking my hand, he led me to one of the garden chairs, and we sat down side by side. And now I began to see a change in him. His eyes, that were fixed upon mine, grew brighter and deeper, until it seemed as if I could look far down into their burning depths. His breath came hot upon my face. Suddenly, he threw an arm around me, and then I saw myself in the strong folds of a great serpent! I screamed for help, and next found myself in your arms. Oh! it was a strange and a fearful dream!"

"And it may not be all a dream, Fanny," said Mrs. Markland, in a very impressive voice.

"Not all a dream, mother!" Fanny seemed startled at the words.

"No, dear. Dreams are often merely fantastic. But there come visions in sleep, sometimes, that are permitted as warnings, and truly represent things existing in real life."

"I do not understand you, mother."

"There is in the human mind a quality represented by the serpent, and also a quality represented by the dove. When our Saviour said of Herod, 'Go tell that fox,' he meant to designate the man as having the quality of a fox."

"But, how does this apply to dreams?" asked Fanny.

"He who sends his angels to watch over and protect us in sleep, may permit them to bring before us, in dreaming images, the embodied form of some predominating quality in those whose association may do us harm. The low, subtle selfishness of the sensual principle,

will then take its true form of a wily serpent."

Fanny caught her breath once or twice, as those words fell upon her ears, and then said, in a deprecating voice—

"Oh, mother! Don't! don't!" And lifting her head from the bosom of her parent, she turned her face away, and buried it in the pillow.

As she did not move for the space of several minutes, Mrs. Markland thought it unwise to intrude other remarks upon her, believing that the distinct image she had already presented would live in her memory and do its work. Soon after, she retired to her own room. Half an hour later, and both were sleeping, in quiet unconsciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. I.—GOOD HUMOR.

Hume says: "A good natured disposition is worth an estate of ten thousand a year." Too much an asserter of the system of Epicurius to revive the stoicism of Zeno, and yet not an upholder of that extreme nonchalance to the *how* and *when* of life, which is the first axiom in a Frenchman's philosophy, we are forced to acknowledge, with older and more subtle philologists than ourselves, that in searching the springs of human action, and in anatomizing the heart, the most to be admired and the most plausible in their pretensions to success in life, are those principles which are the foundations of good nature—the motto of which is—"All is for the best by God ordained." A desert without an oasis—a May without flowers—a summer without a sun—a great charnel house peopled with skeletons—would be this world without good nature and affection—the authors of many sweet episodes in the monotonous biography of our lives—the grand tie of our common brotherhood.

A man might as well attempt to publish an essay on delicacy of taste among the Esquimaux, found an academy of the sciences in Lapland, or project a solar eclipse on the thumb nail, as to get along in the world right, without being as good natured as possible. As for myself, I would rather be wafted to Amsterdam, and smoke a pipe with a squatty burgomaster—exchange conditions with an oyster, alternately opening and shutting my shell—be confined in a milliner's band-box and doomed to hear the clamorous click-clack of feminine folly, than to serve penance in society where it is considered a crime to laugh, where wit does not command, nor pleasure invite, and where each essays to ignore his own sociability and that of his neighbor.

Yet I would not be understood to have preference to company where humor gives umbrage to others, or where gross or unmanly ribaldry is echoed by the tankard's ring; but

circles where life's real enjoyments are preferred to its sighs and sorrows—its sunshine to its gloom—its laughter to its sadness; where detraction, neither bold and barefaced in its effrontery, nor masked in those shrugs and hints which throw an infinity around the borders of our superstition—cannot enter, and where like a flood of glory gushed that affection—foster-mother to felicity—which is more valuable than gold, more captivating than beauty, and retaining its power and freshness forever.

When vexations gall us, it is absurd to fly off into a tangent of irritable epithets. Care is not proof against ridicule. His intrusions are encouraged by our frowns; good humor is therefore the best method to vanquish our foe, and like exorcism or holy water, will either allay the devil or drive him away. Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. It finds and makes friends everywhere and under all circumstances. It is far removed from the gloom and superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and would have men fit themselves for another world by entirely neglecting the concerns of this. In the ark of love at home, is good nature particularly desirable. One sweet temper has a soothing influence over a whole family. It has a peculiar sweetness when mingled with the winning softness of the female character; so the dew-drops borrow their odor and color from the rose. It is like sunshine falling on the heart. The happiness of this life consists much in the interchange of kind affections, of tender sympathies and mutual condescensions. We must live for each other. We must never get weary of making little concessions, of pardoning little errors, and even forgiving insults.

Mount Joy, Pa.

THE FRIENDSHIP that anticipates solicitation is of a divine nature.

COVERINGS FOR THE FEET.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 322.]

Fig. 45.



Buckles succeeded the large ribbons on the shoes about 1680, although they had been used on the side of the foot to fasten the strap which passed over the instep, much earlier. (See *fig. 45*.) In the reign of William III. very high and stiff boots were worn, doubled down at the top, and with very large and broad heels. The heels of the shoes at this period were often of a red color, (*figs. 46, 47*.) the buckles gradually increasing in size, until, in the reign of George III., they (together with

Fig. 46.



buttons on the coats of the size of a dollar) were worn so large as to give rise to a caricature, entitled "Buckles and Buttons, or I'm the thing, demme!"

White stockings had been used in mourning until the year 1778, when they were superseded by black. Colored hose, which had been much worn until this time, gave way completely to the black and white, although blue worsted stockings were still sometimes worn. The term "blue stocking," as applied to literary ladies, was conferred on a society to which females were admitted, owing to Mr. Benjamin Stillington, one of its active members, constantly wearing stocking of that color. Thenceforth, any literary lady, whether belonging to this club or not, was frequently honored with the title of "blue stocking."

Fig. 47.



Hessian boots were introduced about 1789, and were sometimes covered by the pantaloons, which came in fashion about the same time; and at this period short boots were also worn.

Having thus noticed the principal variations in the forms of shoes in England, to the close of the eighteenth century, we stop, as our readers must all be acquainted with the boots and shoes of the nineteenth century. In *fig. 48* we have represented some of the more common

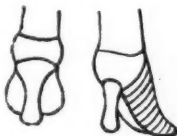
species of the genus on which we have treated.

Fig. 48.



A glance, however, at the shoes of other nations may not be uninteresting. With regard

Fig. 49.



to our neighbors, their fashions are only a reflection of our own or perhaps we should rather say we have copied the productions of our neighbors in this matter. In the

middle of the eighteenth century, however, the French wore shoes of a form which we do not

Fig. 50.



appear to have been introduced into England. They are represented in *figs. 49* and *50*. Persian and Turkish shoes are generally very

rich and are mostly of the forms of *figs. 51, 52,*

Fig. 51.



Fig. 52.



53, 54; but the Turkish ladies are often mounted upon instruments similar to *fig. 55*.

The ladies of China are notorious for wearing very small shoes, to enable them to do which they have their feet cramped and bound up in

Fig. 53.

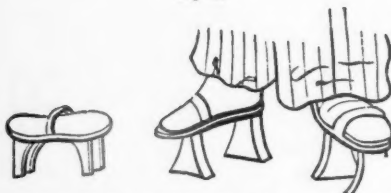


Fig. 54.

Fig. 60.



Fig. 55.



infancy, causing them great pain and equal inconvenience; for it is needless to say that, with

feet of not more than three or four inches long, it is with the greatest difficulty they are enabled to walk; yet such is the pride of rank, that these ladies willingly cripple themselves rather than descend to a level with the common people, who are not allowed to inflict upon themselves such misery.

But perhaps the most curious shoes are those worn by the Esquimaux, and other extreme northern nations, when travelling over snow. They are formed of cane, with a place in the centre for the heel, and are from three to four feet long, and nine to twelve inches wide. Presenting such a broad surface, they do not readily sink in the snow; but, according to the travellers who have used them, they are not at all agreeable, for they rub the skin terribly off the heel; and Franklin says he might have been traced for miles by the blood which flowed from his feet, occasioned by the attrition of these instruments.

THE QUIET RIVER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Gently flowed a river bright
To the sea, in liquid light.
Never, with a torrent's force,
Dashing on its heedless course,
O'er the rocky pavement speeding,
Passing beauties never heeding.
Noiselessly it sped away,
Where the mossy pebbles lay;
Gleaming now soft banks between;
Winding now through valleys green;
Cheering with its presence mild
Cultured fields and woodlands wild.

Hidden was it now and then,
In the forest, in the glen;
For the million trees that flourished,
By its limpid waters nourished,
Drooping branches o'er it threw,
Veiling it from careless view;
Yet I knew it wandered there,
For the violets fresher were,
And a softer, richer green,
On its swelling marge was seen;
And the tall grass on its brink
Lowly bent, as if to drink
From some naiad's crystal urn,
While sweet whispers, in return,
Through the blades, low murmuring went,
By the Zephyr-minstrel sent.

Sheltered 'twas from mortal sight;
But the Sun-god dazzling bright,
And the stars in evening's sky,

And the moon's calm majesty,
Looking from their home in air,
Saw themselves reflected there.
That mild stream sought heavenly rays,
Though it shrank from earthly gaze.

Is not such a pure one's life?
Ever shunning pride and strife,
Never babbling her own praise,
Passing peacefully her days;
On her silent path she goes,
Known by holy deeds she does;
Often wandering far to bless
Those who pine in bleak distress.

Though herself is seldom seen,
Well we know where she has been,
By the joy her presence gives;
By the peace her footstep leaves;
Drooping hearts she bids revive;
Withered hopes, again that live;
Human flowers that blossom fair,
Nurtured by her love and care.

Thus, by her own virtues shaded,
And by Glory's presence aided,
While pure thoughts, like starbeams, lie
Mirrored in her heart and eye,
She, content to be unknown,
All serenely moveth on,
Till released from Time's commotion,
Self is lost in Love's wide ocean.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. I.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"He who loadeth your fields with corn, sendeth both the sunshine and the rain; therefore, my son should not murmur, even though rain may not be very desirable to him, just now."

"What's that mean, mother?" asked little Aggie, as she laid down the paper containing these words, and looked inquiringly into her mother's face. And then, recollecting that her mother had not seen the words to which she alluded, she read them aloud to her.

"What does that mean, mother?" she again asked.

"It means, my dear, that we ought to be satisfied with just such weather as God sees fit to send, whether we desire it or not. This young man, to whom these words were spoken, (for Aggie's mother had read the whole piece before,) was very angry, because a rain had set in at a time that he thought was not good for his grain. He forgot that it was owing to God's blessing, that his wheat, his corn, his potatoes, and his fruit, were in such a flourishing condition. He forgot all this, and because his Heavenly Father permitted the rain to descend when he did not want it, he murmurs and finds fault. In the same way, little children sometimes act, if a rainy day happens to interfere with their sports or pleasures. They are sullen, peevish and fretful, and annoy all around them with their discontented words. 'I wish it would stop raining,' or 'I believe it just rains because I want to go out,' or similar expressions are constantly falling from their lips. Now this is wrong; for little children, as well as grown up people, should remember that God orders all these things; and to murmur against his doings is sinful."

"But I never say I wish it would stop raining," replied Aggie.

Aggie was rather Phrasaical—that means that she had a pretty good opinion of herself; she thought she had not quite so many faults as most children of her age had, and she sometimes boasted of it, as we have just seen. Her mother made

no reply to her remark. She probably thought the next rainy day would afford her a better opportunity for convincing her little daughter of her error, than the present. She had not long to wait. The next day was Friday; beautiful, warm, and clear. Aggie came home from school, in the afternoon, in high glee.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, the moment she entered the house, "Miss Mary is going to take us all to Cedar Grove to-morrow afternoon, if it does not rain. And we're all to go to her father's, who lives just across the fields, and get some strawberries and cream. Oh! *won't* it be delightful! I don't think it will rain, do you mother?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it did, Aggie."

"Oh, mother! and so warm and pleasant as it has been all the week! And just see what a beautiful sunset! almost as yellow as gold!"

"The very reason why I look for rain, Aggie. But it is more like copper than gold."

Aggie walked away; she did not wish to hear any such reasoning. Presently she came back again.

"Mother, may I wear my white frock to-morrow? All the girls are going to wear white."

"If you go," was the reply.

Aggie tried to think there was no doubt about that matter; yet somehow her spirits had fallen considerably since she came from school. She said nothing more about it, though her thoughts were constantly dwelling upon the anticipated excursion. When bed time came, she went out in the kitchen to get a lamp. She tried to light it, but it spit and spurted in such a manner, that she had to call on old Hannah, the cook, to do it for her.

"We're going to have rain," said Hannah, after she had lighted the lamp.

"How do you know?" said Aggie.

"Sure sign when a lamp spits in that way."

"Pshaw! Hannah, I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Don't know myself how it is; but I know it's so."

"Yes; and I noticed, as I came in from the fields to-night, the swallows were flying low," remarked Peter, old Hannah's son, "and that's another sign of rain."

"Well, I don't believe in any such signs," replied Aggie, as she picked up the light and hurried up stairs to bed; and the little head was not long upon the pillow before it was filled with visions of green fields, strawberries and cream, white frocks, &c.

The first thing Aggie did, when she awoke the next morning, was to run to the window to see what kind of a day it was going to be. The ground looked wet, as if it had been raining through the night, which was the fact.

"But no matter for that," thought Aggie, "as long as it does not rain now. I guess the sun will come out after awhile, and the ground will soon dry."

She looked up at the sky. It was red and lowering. She could not help thinking of the proverb:

"Evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveller on his way;
But evening gray and morning red,
Will bring down rain upon his head."

But she solaced herself with the idea that, after all, it might not be so this time. Her thoughts were so set upon her expected jaunt, that she scarcely heard a word that was read at prayers that morning, until the words, "In the morning ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering," arrested her attention. She could not help sighing, as she thought of the red sky and Cedar Grove. A dozen times, at least, that morning, she repeated the question:

"Mother, do you think it will rain?"

And the answer always was:

"I think it will."

Just before twelve, it commenced pouring, as we say. Aggie declared "it was too bad! It always rained when she wanted to go out, so it did." She stood for some time at the window, gazing out at the rain. Presently her little brother, Willie, came and got up in a chair beside her. He was much amused with watching the large drops, as they fell into a puddle of water in the yard.

"Isn't it pretty, Aggie?" he said.

"No!" she replied, angrily; it's not pretty, at all I wish it would stop. It's just raining because I want to go out."

"Aggie," said her mother, who entered the room just at that moment, "do you remember the little girl who said, the other day, 'but I never say I wish it would stop raining.' I wonder where she is now?"

The self-righteous little girl looked black, but made no reply.

"Come here," said her mother.

The child obeyed.

"How old are you, Agnes?" was then asked.

"Eleven," Agnes replied, rather sulkily.

"And have you always had plenty to eat and drink, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And plenty of good clothes to wear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Kind parents and friends to watch over you, and take care of you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You have not often been sick?"

"No, ma'am."

"You are strong and healthy; can talk, see, and hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now who hath given you all these blessings?"

Aggie drooped her head, as she reverently answered:

"God."

"And who hath sent the rain this afternoon, my child?"

"God," was again faintly answered.

"And yet, my little girl, who has received so many good things from her kind Heavenly Father, is at this very moment murmuring and repining, because the rain, which He has sent, has deprived her of a few hours of pleasure! Oh! what ingratitude!"

Aggie felt the truth of these words; and, with tearful eyes, she promised her mother that she would try never to indulge in such wicked feelings again.

After a few words of advice, her mother left her. Aggie then went up stairs, and got her books to study her Sunday-school lesson. It was still raining very hard, and she stopped at the window awhile to look at it. As she stood there, she thought of what Hannah had said about the lamp spitting, and Peter about the swallows; and then she recollected that her mother had said she thought it would rain, because it had been so warm, and the sun was setting so yellow; and then the verse of Scripture spoke about the "red and lowering" sky. And she wondered to herself what these things had to do with the rain. She thought a long while about it, and finally determined she would ask her mother how it was. But as Saturday was a busy day, she thought it best to wait till another time.

BENJAMIN WEST.

A little boy, named Benjamin West, was set to tend a little baby, asleep in its cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished he could draw a picture of the baby; and, seeing a piece of paper on the table, and a pen and ink, he tried what he could do. When his mother came in, he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink and paper; and he showed her the picture he had made. His mother knew at once what it was meant for. She was much pleased, and kissed her little boy. Then he said, if she liked it, he would make pictures of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on, trying to do better and better, till he became one of the finest painters in the world.

Of all the delicate sensations the mind is capable of, none, perhaps, will surpass that which attends the relief of an avowed enemy.

The Housekeeper's Friend.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

STEWED FRESH BEEF AND RICE.—Put an ounce of fat in a pot; cut half a pound of meat in large dice; add a teaspoonful of salt, half one of sugar, an onion sliced; put on the fire to stew for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally; then add two ounces of rice, a pint of water; stew gently till done, and serve. Any savory herbs will improve the flavor. Fresh pork, veal, or mutton may be done the same way, and half a pound of potatoes used instead of rice.

TO CLEAN BRITANNIA WARE.—Britannia ware should be first rubbed with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in water and suds, and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

BAKING HAM.—Most people boil ham. It is much better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water, and wipe it dry; next spread it all over with thin batter, and then put it into a deep dish with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and matter crusted upon the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but too rich for dyspeptics.

BOILED FOWL AND MEAT STEW.—Skin and cut a large fowl into joints; wash and lay it in cold water for an hour; cut some salt beef or pork into thin slices, and, if it is very salt, soak it a short time in water; make a paste of flour and butter, in the proportion of one-half pound of butter to one pound of flour; cut it into round pieces the size of the pot in which the pie is to be stewed; butter well the inside of the pot, and lay in a layer of beef seasoned with pepper, salt, and some onions, finely minced; then put a layer of the paste, and then the fowl, highly seasoned with the above; add another layer of paste, and pour in three pints of cold water; cover the pot close, and let the pie stew gently for nearly four hours, taking care it does not burn.

LEMON FRITTERS.—Mix with six ounces finely grated bread four ounces beef suet, minced very small; four ounces of pounded sugar, a dessert spoonful of flour; four whole eggs, well and slightly whisked, and the grated rind of one large or two small lemons, with half or the whole of the juice of one lemon, of choice; but, before this is stirred in, add a spoonful or two of milk or cream, if needed. Fry the mixture in small fritters for five or six minutes.

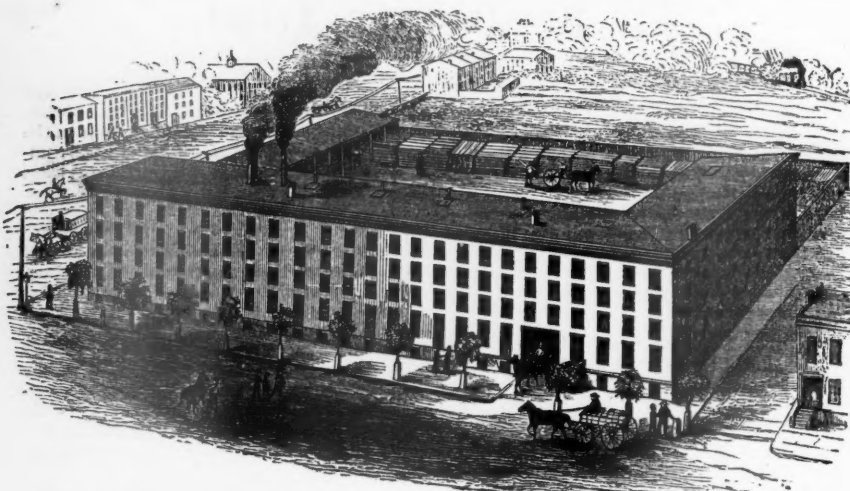
EXCELLENT FRITTERS.—Boil two mealy potatoes, peel them, and rub them with two table-spoonfuls of flour; peel and chop finely three or four sharp apples, and mix the whole into a batter with the beaten yolks of three, and the whites of two eggs; grate in a little nutmeg and ginger, and fry them in a pan of boiling lard.

A PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Take half a pound of orris root; break it into small pieces; then place it in a quart bottle; now pour on the orris root one pint either of the best pale, unsweetened French brandy, or of rectified spirits; let them stand together in a warm place for a week or ten days. The tincture of orris produced is now strained off, and to it the following ingredients are added:—Half an ounce of otto of bergamot, one drachm of otto of roses, half a drachm of otto of lavender, and a quarter of a drachm of otto of cloves. Allow the whole to remain together for an hour or so; then filter the perfume through blotting paper, to render it bright. A paper filter is easily made by folding a square piece of blotting paper from corner to corner, then opening the folds to pour the liquid in; a small jug makes a support for it.

ARTHUR'S PATENT SELF-SEALING, AIR-TIGHT PRESERVING CAN.

Some of our readers will no doubt recollect that we called attention to this excellent and useful invention last Fall. It was introduced too late in the season, however, to come into general use. We are now pleased to learn that the inventor has made arrangements to have the market fully supplied during the coming season, and we are glad of an opportunity to bear our testimony in favor of its efficiency. A box of cans was sent to us in the Fall, and they were used by several persons about our establishment, with the most satisfactory results. Tomatoes and peaches were put into them, in accordance with the directions given, and were opened at various times during the winter, as fresh and perfect as when they were sealed up. The tomatoes, at Christmas, retained not only their natural flavor when cooked, but in all respects resembled the vegetable fresh from the garden, and furnished a cheap and delicious luxury for our holiday dinner. We can, therefore, say with confidence to our readers, that they have now within their reach the means of providing themselves, at small cost, with delicacies during the winter, which, heretofore, only the rich have been able to enjoy. The great advantage possessed by this 'self-sealing' can is, that it may be closed by any person, without the aid of a tinner, and opened by simply warming the top, and without injury to the can. Every housekeeper who has used the cans soldered up by the tinner, will at once appreciate this marked advantage.—*Baltimore Clipper*, of April 21, 1855.

These cans are now manufactured and sold by Arthur, Burnham & Co., No. 60 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia. They will also be for sale in the principal cities throughout the United States.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BOARDMAN & GRAY'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY, ALBANY, N. Y.

BOARDMAN & GRAY'S DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT PIANO FORTES.

In referring our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Boardman & Gray's Dolce Campana Attachment Piano Fortes, to be found in this number of the Home Magazine, we take great pleasure in stating, that we have the best reason for knowing that their instruments are of a *very superior quality*.

The purchase of a piano is, in most families, an event looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. As it usually takes place but once in a life time, it is most desirable to have an instrument combining all the best attainable qualities. A poor instrument will be an unfailing source of annoyance, and a good one an unfailing source of pleasure. The purchaser, if not himself a judge, should on no account select from a manufacturer whose pianos are not fully accredited by musical people, or by some well-skilled, disinterested person. A few dollars saved in the purchase of an instrument, may make the bargain a very dear one.

In order to ensure the highest perfection in their pianos, Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co. have their whole business arranged in the most thorough manner required for the end in view.

The manufacturing department is under the immediate supervision of Mr. James A. Gray, one of the firm, who gives his time personally to the business. He selects and purchases all the materials used in the establishment. He is thoroughly master of his vocation, having made it a study for life. No piano-forte is permitted to leave the concern until it has been submitted to his careful inspection. If, on examination, an instrument proves to be imperfect, it is returned to the workman to remedy the defect. He is constantly introducing improvements, and producing new patterns and designs, to keep up, in all things, with the progress of the age.

We stated some time since, says an Albany paper, that this firm had succeeded in perfecting another improvement in the piano, from which the most flattering results were expected. They have since supplied several of their agencies in other cities with pianos having the improvement referred to—a corrugated sounding board—introduced in them. The Buffalo Express thus notices the improvement:

"The tone of a piano depends, in a great measure, on the amount of surface presented by the sounding-board; and as a waved line presents more surface than a straight one, the tone must, necessarily, be increased in proportion. Hence, the superiority of the 'corrugated sounding-board.' Another great feature is, the promptness with which the instrument thus equipped will answer to the will of the performer. The smaller the sounding board, the thinner it must be made to vibrate freely; and, consequently, when once put in vibration, the thin sounding board cannot be so readily 'damped' as the larger and consequently heavier ones. This is one of the great reasons why pianists prefer the Grand Piano. In this new style of piano, the peculiar shape of board places it under the control of the performer, and gives it, in every respect, the tone and nearly the power of the Grand—used by Wm. Mason at his late concerts in this city.

"The 'corrugated sounding board' looks—to use a homely comparison—like a wash-board. The upper side is exactly contradicted by the lower, thus securing a surface of equal thickness throughout. It increases the tone of an ordinary piano about one-third, while it involves an additional expense of only \$10 or \$15. Competent pianists regard it as the very thing that was wanted."

Editor's Department.

APOTHECARY.

The word Apothecary, not used now-a-days—apothecaries generally being either “druggists” or “pharmaceutists”—calls forth various observations in an old work entitled “Anecdotes of the English Language,” by Samuel Pegge, Esq., F. R. S. It seems that Henry Knighton, who lived about 1393, used the word apothecarius, from *apotheca*, a repository. It meant a man whose employment was to keep medicines for sale, its origin being the Greek word *apothēke*. Chaucer, who wrote before the introduction of Greek, says “pothecary.” Chaucer died, it will be remembered, in 1400, and Greek was not known in England until 1453, or thereabouts. Stevens’s Dictionary has *Boticario*, according to the erudite Pegge, and derives it from *Bote*, a gallipot. *Botica* is a shop in Spanish, (French *boutique*), but emphatically the shop of an apothecary. The *A*, adds the same erudite Pegge, may be our article, which use has added to the word, together with the article *an*, which is a pleonasm. We close with still more from Pegge: “*Per contra*, we have appellatives, which, by withdrawing a letter from the word *per aphæresin*, in the article, has absorbed it, as from an *aaranga*, we have formed an *orange*. *Avanna*, we call a *fan*, which should be termed an *evan*; from *Abelt*, we say a *lily*; so by dropping the *A* entirely, we have made saffron from *assafran*, all from the Spanish. Not content to say a *Boticario*, or Anglice, *Boticary*, but we must double the article, and say, an *Aboticary*. Junius calls it *vocabulum sumptum ex Græco*, but adds *minus commode*; and refers us to Vossius, lib. i. de Vitiis Sermonis, c. 32. Apothecaries anciently sold wine and cordials. ‘The Emperor is somewhat amended, as his *Poticaire* saith.’ A bookseller, who keeps a shop (a *Bibliotheca*) might as well be called a *Bibliothecary*. Perhaps the *Poticy* or *Boticario* was so called, to distinguish him from the itinerant medicine monger. In the comedy of the Four P’s, by J. Haywood, published 1569, one of them is the *Poticy*; and I never heard that he was arraigned by the critics, for pseudography. They are the *Poticy*, the *Pedlar*, the *Palmer*, and the *Pardoner*. Mr. Nares says, that *Poticy* is very low; and so it is to our ears at present. You might as well say, that *periwig* is Greek, from *περι* circum (Græce), and *wig* Anglice; whereas it is only unfortunately a corruption of the French *peruque*. The *Boticario* (or *Poticy*) was, perhaps, to the *Quack*, who carried his medicines about for sale, as the *Stationer* or shop-keeper was to the hawker and pedlar.”

Most learned Pegge! Thanks to thee, both for ourselves and for our curiosity-loving readers. Those people who now sell doctor’s stuffs are no longer called “apothecaries.” We

are grateful to thee, illustrious Pegge, for the derivation of a word which, in old times, was always associated with the wry-faces induced by a sick stomach. Shakspeare first brought down the character of “apothecary” by his vivid painting of a starveling of the kind in Romeo and Juliet—at least we think so. Though discarded, Pegge shows us that the word has an honorable Greek source; nay, it is much older and more classical in its antecedents, than are some persons who have got rich by selling potions and prescriptions, just as “apothecaries” were wont to do in olden times.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

We lately visited Independence Hall, and particularly noticed the changes which have taken place in the same. The lower room, sacred to the name of liberty, is filled with relics of priceless value. There is the bell which sounded the tocsin of liberty; there are the old Continental Congress chairs; above all, there are Peale’s celebrated pictures of distinguished Revolutionary characters, and the statue of the Father of his Country, executed by the late William Rush. Mr. Rush was an artist of peculiar genius, as the works which he has left fully show. His carving commenced by furnishing figure-heads to ships, and he soon acquired such a skill in their execution, that he was engaged to produce a higher order of work. Several crucifixes and other decorations for churches, as well as statues for public buildings of all kinds, were ordered of him, and may be seen in various parts of the country. The statue of Washington, in Independence Hall, is a grand effort. There is no doubt but it presents a faithful embodiment of the great soldier and statesman, for Mr. Rush was intimate with him, having joined the army at the commencement of the Revolution, and continuing in the same during the whole struggle; a great part of the time, too, near the person of the Commander-in-Chief. Washington held the artist in high esteem, and, we have heard a friend say—(Mr. Samuel W. Rush, Arch street,)—called to see him when he visited our city after the war was over; taking his children upon his knee, and bestowing upon them the kind words, which he, of all men, knew how to speak so effectively. Mr. Rush died in December, 1833, much respected. During his lifetime, he held offices of honor in the gift of his native city, with credit. The water-works at Fairmount were, in part, the fruit of his efforts, and he took an active part in the deliberations of the Councils, a member of which he was for a long period of years. His ancestors were of real stuff, in the days of Cromwell, and from them, in addition to himself, sprang a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and another Revolutionary soldier

and officer. A portrait of Mr. Rush may be found in the collection to which we have alluded, presented to the city, as we understand, by one of his children. Those of our readers, who would pass an hour or two delightfully, should visit Independence Hall.

THE CORSICAN MOTHER.

Mr. Edward Joy Morris is the translator of a work on Corsica, already noticed in our Magazine, by Ferdinand Gregorivius. This book treats of Corsica historically and socially; and in doing so, gives sketches of the early life of Napoleon and his family, as well as outlines of those of Pozzo di Borgo, Paoli, and other eminent Corsicans. The spirit of the original, both in thought and expression, has been preserved by the talented translator. And the work is destined to take a prominent place on the library shelf. We give an extract from its pages, embodying the record of a noble-hearted deed by Marianna, a wife of the family of Pozzo di Borgo, in 1794; lively recollections of which are yet retained, says Gregorivius, in Alata and Ajaccio:

"In Appieto, near Ajaccio, all the people were enjoying themselves in the carnival. According to an old custom, yet maintained in the island, the carnival king sat on his throne, in the middle of the market-place, surrounded by his ministers, with a golden crown on his head. There were tables loaded with wine, fruits, and refreshments of every kind. For his majesty had levied a round sum of taxes: by the law of the festival, he has the right to assess the families of the village, according to their means; and they discharge their obligations in wine and fruits, and according to the best of their ability.

"Joyous was the feast, and loud the uproar. There was an incessant strumming of citterns and violins, and the young couples merrily bounded through the dance.

"Suddenly a shot was fired among the festive crowds, and then followed a shriek, and people scattered in all directions. A wild cry of woe rose from the market of Appieto. There lay in his blood the young Felix Pozzo di Borgo. Andrea Romanetti had shot him for some affront, and then fled to the macchia.

"They carried the murdered youth to the house of his mother.

"The women raised the lamento, and the music of the citterns was hushed. The mother of Felix was a widow, and had seen much sorrow. When the youth was interred, she wept not; but she considered only how she could avenge his death; for she was a stout-hearted woman of the ancient house of Colonna d'Istria.

"Marianna put off her female attire and dressed herself as a man. She covered herself in a pelone, put a Phrygian cap on her head, girded herself with a carchers, stuck a dirk and pistols in her belt, and shouldered a double-barrelled gun. She looked exactly like a rough Corsican man, and her noble rank was only betrayed by her scarlet sash, the velvet lacing of the pelone, and the elegant handle of the dagger, ornamented with ivory and mother of pearl.

"She placed herself at the head of her kinsmen, and incessantly pursued the murderer of her son. Andrea Romanetti fled from thicket to thicket, from grotto to grotto, and mountain to mountain. But Marianna was constantly on his heels. In a dark night the fugitive threw himself into his own house, in the village of Marchesaccia. There he was discovered by a maiden of a hostile family, who gave information of his position. Marianna hastened to the place. Her kinsmen surrounded the house. Romanetti valiantly defended himself, but, as his ammunition had given out, and the enemy had already climbed on the roof to get down to him, he saw that he was lost. He thought of nothing more than the salvation of his soul.

"'Hold!' exclaimed Romanetti from the house. 'I will surrender; but promise, before you kill me, to allow me to confess.' Marianna Pozzo di Borgo gave the promise.

"Romanetti now descended into the street, and voluntarily gave himself up to his enemies. They carried him to the village of Teppo, before the house of the pastor, Saverio Casalonga. Marianna called out to him, and begged him in God's name to receive Romanetti's confession, for he was soon to die.

"With tears did the priest implore the life of the unfortunate man; but his prayers were without effect. He confessed him; and while the murderer of her son did penance before the holy father, Marianna, on her knees, prayed God to have mercy on his soul.

"The confession being finished, Romanetti was taken outside the village by the Pozzo di Borgo, and bound to a tree.

"They raised their guns. Marianna suddenly rushed forward.

"'Hold!' she exclaimed, and she ran to the tree to which he was bound, and embraced with her arms the murderer of her son. 'In the name of God,' she cried, 'I forgive him. Although he has made me the unhappiest of mothers, I will not suffer any further harm to be done him, and you shall sooner shoot me than him.' And so held she her enemy, covered by her own body.

"The priest came forward. Not another word was necessary. Romanetti was unbound, and from that hour every hair of his head was sacred to the Pozzo di Borgo."

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

The marked success which has attended the publication of a few imaginative works in the last three or four years, has excited the hopes of a large number of persons, especially poor and friendless girls, and widowed young mothers dependent upon their own efforts for the support and education of their children, who fondly imagine that in the seemingly pleasant walks of literature, they may find the royal road to ease and competence. A few only of these find avenues through the periodical press by which to reach the public, and fewer still are rewarded by even a small pittance for what they write. In most cases, their works exhibit immature thought, defect of experience, and a total lack of that critical acquaintance with language which must be acquired before any high achievements in literature can be made. In some instances, their facility for writing is great. They throw off page after page of story, sketch, and rhyme, with a rapidity truly remarkable. But it is too often a mere skimming of the surface of things. We rarely find in their works any costly pearls brought up from the profounder depths of thought. It is no wonder, then, that they find in nearly all cases, disappointment, instead of the ardently hoped for success. The public is a grown up man, with tastes that have been stimulated with mental aliment from the best literary perveyors of the age. It is, then, no matter of surprise, that it rejects the meagre repast offered by those who have yet only the skill of the student, instead of the master.

Like all other professions, that of literature demands in the aspirant for success, a long and a hard probation. The inexperienced young girl, who discovers in herself facility for writing down her thoughts and observations, must not hope to claim at once the public's admiring attention. Literary history gives but few instances, that may be presented as an exception to this rule.

As the editor of a literary periodical, we are in the almost daily receipt of letters, some written under circumstances of most painful extremity, soliciting advice, encouragement and direction as to the best manner of gaining public attention. Most touching appeals to our personal sympathies are made, and we are implored to purchase articles, in most of which our readers would find little to interest them, that the writer may sustain herself in honorable independence, support a helpless family, or aid a sick husband,

whose steadily failing health gives sad premonition of an early widowhood. Were our Magazine three times its present size, and our ability to purchase literary matter ten times what it is, we could not absorb a tithe of the articles that would flow into us from persons who seek, in the exercise of some literary ability, to gain an honest livelihood.

Let it be well understood, then, by all young persons who are looking to literature as a profession, that the supply of writers is already far beyond the demand. Publishers are importuned until they have grown restless, and, in many cases, treat most new applications with a curt rejection that is any thing but agreeable. And in the cases of those who are fortunate in disposing of their articles to the periodical press, very few of them can sell enough of what they write to make the return go very far in their year's expenses. In no profession is the return so uncertain—in no profession is high success so much a seeming lottery.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

This term, much used of late in art-criticisms, is thus explained in a recent number of the "Crayon":

"The name 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' was assumed by a fraternity of young artists, who, being of more than usual earnestness, had become disgusted with the shallow and conventional simulation of Art which seemed to command the public taste and patronage of England; and, feeling that the namby-pamby spirit, which actuated the great majority of the artists, had nothing in common with the sincerity and intensity in which the great artists of the past had arisen, they determined to go back to first principles, and reject entirely the teachings of artists, working out their own solution of the problem of the representation of nature. Justly assuming that conventionalism began with Raphael, they assumed the name Pre-Raphaelite to signify their determination to go behind conventionalism, and represent what they saw as justly as possible. Their works were immediately marked by their intensity of thought and elaborateness of finish, rivalling, in this respect, the mediæval painters, whom their name connected them with. They seemed to defy all limit to the elaboration of detail, and carried it, in fact, to a point an unpracticed eye can scarcely appreciate—to a rivalry with the works of Durer and Bellini.

"But, following on this exceeding faithfulness of study, came necessarily a certain hardness and rigidity of their forms, and a want of grace, which made their pictures sometimes seem little less than grotesque. This peculiarity cannot be understood, in its nature and causes, by any one who has not, like the Pre-Raphaelites, attempted to be absolutely true, without regard to prettiness or agreeableness of any kind. Such an one will have felt, perhaps, that, from the effort to be thus minutely true, there arises a constraint in a drawing—a want of freedom in its lines, which can only be perceived and felt, but cannot be defined or corrected. The labored study gives a rigidity and awkwardness which is painful, but the keenest eye could scarcely discern the distance which lies between the awkward form and the graceful one—the breadth of a line would change it, but it requires the eye of a Raphael to find which way that line ought to fall. Any one can illustrate this for himself by taking an engraving of a gracefully drawn face, and tracing it on transparent paper. Then compare the two, and he will find that the tracing is awkward and ugly, though he cannot see wherein is the difference between the two.

"This was the case with the Pre-Raphaelites. They had, by their exceeding care, given a constraint to their drawing, which, to the unappreciative feeling is very offensive, and in their case was characterized as ugliness, and which a perception still far short of perfect would not enable them to correct into the absolute truth and grace of nature. There are only two horns to this dilemma—to go back and compromise by obtaining partial truth and partial grace at once, or go forward in this severe process of training until their perceptions should have been developed to that power that they should be able to see the infinite line where-

in perfect truth unites itself to perfect beauty—the subtlest, noblest, and divinest problem of Art.

"The true definition of Pre-Raphaelitism, then, is that it is a phase of Art preliminary to the attainment of the ideal of truth and beauty—not desirable in itself and for itself, but as a condition of Art, preparatory to something most desirable, and which can in no otherwise be attained than through this unflinching devotion to truth; though it were temporarily repulsive in all its results.

IRISH SERVANTS.

A country friend, who is somewhat curious, antiquarian, and experimental in his fancies, drops us some words of information about his thinkings and doings, from which we take a single item for the amusement of our readers:—

"At present it is true, I have an Irish cook, whom I am keeping at a considerable expense in crockery, more for study than either usefulness or ornament, and an Irish gardener, who, really handles a shovel 'beautifully,' though I find him Mulrooneyish in some things, as he talks of having 'both hands in *ache pocket*,' which I take to be somewhat of a physical impossibility. As for Bridget, she told us the other day that 'the salt was all out, *barrin'* what had been used.'"

DISGUSTED WITH MENTAL LABOR.

In the work "Three Hours School a Day," we find this remark, which has in it a fair measure of truth: "If I were in general and sweeping phrase to sum up the grand result of the present system of school education, I would say, *it was to disgust the whole people with the acquisition of knowledge*. Look abroad, over the whole land, and of the millions who have left school, how many make the acquisition of knowledge their solace or delight, as it might be, next to that afforded by the social and domestic affections, and which affections its pursuit is so fitted to enliven, perpetuate, and adorn? I ask no better test of the positive falsehood of the entire school system of the nation."

PIANOS AND MUSIC.

The establishment of Mr. J. E. Gould No. 164 Chestnut Street, is the largest in our city, and one to which we can with the fullest confidence recommend all who are in search of the latest and standard music, and the best instruments in the market. In the selection of a piano, Mr. Gould's judgment and taste may be fully relied upon. If the purchaser is not himself a judge of the tone and quality of an instrument, he can depend upon having justice done him at this establishment.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

English papers announce the death of Mrs. Nichols, formerly Miss Bronte, who, under the assumed name of Currer Bell, acquired a high reputation as a novelist by the publication of "Jane Eyre." She was the last survivor of a family of six, and died at her father's house in Yorkshire.

There has been commenced in this city a weekly newspaper devoted to the dissemination

of the doctrines of "The New Church." It is a neat, well conducted paper, under the editorial care of the Rev. Sabin Hough, minister of the First New Jerusalem Society, worshipping at the corner of Broad and Brandywine streets. Mr. George Hinkley is the publisher, and the terms are two dollars a year. The "Herald" is an exponent of the doctrines taught in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co. of this city are about publishing their elaborate "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," a work on which they have been engaged for the last four or five years. The principal editor is Dr. Thomas, one of the ablest and most laborious scholars in the country. This Gazetteer has been produced at a very heavy expense, and for scope, accuracy and completeness, will be so far superior to all similar works, as to render them in a measure obsolete.

Miss Anne C. Lynch, whose literary soirees, in New York, were so much celebrated, has been led to the altar by Mr. Botta, of Sardinia, a son of the well known author who wrote a history of the American Revolution.

Dr. Madden, in his life of the Countess of Blessington, hints that a *ruse* was practised to obtain the literary lady's introduction to Lord Byron at Genoa. A rainy forenoon was selected for a drive to Byron's villa. That shelter was necessitated, and that necessity furnished a plea for a visit. Lord Blessington apologized for the briefness of the visit, on account of Lady Blessington being left in an open carriage in the court-yard. Byron immediately hurried to the carriage, and conducted her ladyship into the house—and thus the literary point was gained, and the lady studied her subject.

A new edition of Margaret Fuller Ossoli's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," is in press. It has been enlarged from her unpublished manuscripts. The editors are her brother, Rev. A. B. Fuller, and Horace Greeley.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

Considerable has been done in Philadelphia in matters of concerts, during the past month, but generally without producing any excitement. The Misses Filkins, in the first place, have had a complimentary entertainment at the Musical Fund Hall, at which M'lle Nau and Mr. St. Albyn were the features. The lady sings well; so also does the gentleman; but neither approach what may be called "great." Who the Misses Filkins are, we do not know. Whether their hailing-place is California or Great Britain, is equally a matter upon which we are not informed.

After the Misses Filkins, came Mr. Mason, a pianist, and a very good one. He performed, however, to rather a poor audience. He is a son, we hear, of the celebrated Lowell Mason, and has passed many years in Europe, engaged in musical studies. We think him a very promising artist. American pianists, however, be they ever so good, are of but little account in the estimation of Americans. A performer, in order to take, must have a foreign name and a foreign accent. The fate of Gottschalks fully

shows this, had we not the coldness with which Mr. Mason was received in Philadelphia to impress us. We trust the foreignism which pervades art in our country will soon be obliterated, and that American genius will have its deserts from Americans.

M'dlle Louise Tournay gave a concert at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening, April 28th, when she was assisted by Professors Wolfsohn, Preisser, Bishop, Moelling, and by Mr. Tournay. The lady is a sweet singer, and has acquired no small fame among our fashionable. Mr. Wolfsohn is an excellent pianist; so is Mr. Moelling. As for Mr. Bishop, all know him to be a tasteful balladist. Mr. Preisser is more than talented as a violinist. Miss Tournay had a good house, as she always does. Her friend, Mrs. Dr. Rush, will always take care of that. It is no small affair, by the way, to have so generous, so prodigal a support as this celebrated fashionable accords. She is a hearty patron of the fine arts in Philadelphia. The artist upon whom she smiles—and she has a good critical taste—is bound to have at least one full house.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was performed at Concert Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult. The solo parts were sustained by some of the most eminent vocalists—amateur and professional—in the city. Among them being M'dlle C. Pintard, M'dlle Louise Tournay, Mrs. Powell, Miss Sheppard, Signor Cortesi, Mr. T. Bishop, Mr. Una, Prof. N. Crouch, Profs. H. G. Thunder, Ph. Rohr, &c., &c. The chorus comprised upwards of one hundred voices, including the societies of Concordia and Liedertafel, under the direction of P. Woolsieffer, Esq., and Prof. Flammer. The symphonies and accompaniments were executed on the new and powerful organ, built by Mr. J. C. B. Stanbridge, for the Harmonia Sacred Musical Society. The undertaking was a very ambitious one, and, we may add, quite successful.

Professor Crouch has continued his entertainments during the month, generally speaking in Spring Garden, where he was assisted by Mr. B. Carr Cross, a most competent artist. We have not heard what has been his success.

A new organ has been put up in the Church of the Atonement, up town, which is highly commended. It was manufactured by Mr. Erben, of New York, a celebrated organ builder.

Mr. Edward L. Walker has opened a very attractive Musical Depot, in Howell's new building, Chestnut street, above Sixth. He purposes to publish largely, and to keep, moreover, the publications of all the prominent musical houses in country. Mr. Walker is sole agent for the sale of Chickering's pianos in Philadelphia, and sells a large number of them. He is, himself, an excellent performer on the piano. We saw at his place the other day, a grand piano of the Chickering make, which, as touched by Mr. W., presents the finest tones we ever heard.

A new opera company has been imported by Niblo, and appeared at his theatre, in New York, early the present month (May). The calibre of the *troupe* is said to be good.

The Academy of Music, up town,—in New

York,—was, by last accounts enjoying good houses. "William Tell" and "Il Trovatore" have been presented there in an admirable manner, and with decided *eclat*.

—Since writing the commencement of this article we have visited New York, and heard William Tell, as performed at the Academy of Music. It is a charming opera, and most transcendently done. Badiali sings the part of Tell, while Bolcioni and Vestvali also appear. The house was crowded from parquet to dome, and the spectacle was one of the most superb we ever witnessed. "Trovatore" has been since produced with immense effect. The Academy of Music, under its new management, is brilliantly successful. Nothing is wanted to make the opera succeed in our country, but the best of troupes and the smallest possible prices.

Our own Academy of Music remains on paper, where it makes a very beautiful display, thanks to those excellent designers, Messrs. Le Brun and Runge. Well it be built? Echo may answer—if she chooses. We pause for a reply.

The *Musical Gazette*, of New York, tells a story, illustrating the "classical taste" of New York fashionables in music, which is good enough to reprint. It seems a magnificent equipage stopped at the door of a Mr. Symphony, leader of a fashionable band, bearing a lady bedecked in the last agony of Parisian costume—a genuine representative of Fifth-Avenuedom. She was going to give a "classical musical soiree," and came to engage Mr. Symphony to assist, with his band. The price was of no consequence, as Mr. Toots would say:

"Mr. Symphony was charmed—equally with the good taste and the liberality of the lady; he would be happy—he would be exceedingly happy to contribute his feeble aid, and he would also insure the attendance of his band. But when was the soiree to take place? Oh! it would take place very soon. But would Mr. Symphony be so kind as to call at the lady's residence, on the following Thursday, for the purpose of giving his valuable opinion as to the arrangement of the room so as to secure the best musical effect, etc.? Mr. Symphony would be happy to call. The lady retired; the carriage rolled away, and Mr. Symphony began to indulge in a brighter dream for musical art in America. That lovely creature, so enthusiastic for the classical in music, and so regardless of expense, would certainly give art an impetus, etc. Mr. Symphony permitted himself to cherish the wildest hopes, and ordered a barrel of lager-bier. Mr. Symphony was impatient for the arrival of Thursday. He said to himself that it would never come; but it did come, nevertheless, and with it came the carriage, coachman, and footman, and a note from the lady, informing Mr. Symphony that the carriage had been sent for him. What an honor! How considerate! Mr. Symphony entered the carriage, and soon arrived at the stupendous mansion of his fair patroness, in Fifth Avenue. He was ushered into an imposing and gorgeously furnished suite of rooms. The lady soon entered, as handsome and classical as ever, and seemingly as regardless of expense. She greeted Mr. Symphony cordially. She conducted him here; she conducted him there. How will this do? How will that do? Remember, Mr. Symphony, every thing is to be of the most classical order. Oh! Yes! Mr. Symphony keeps that constantly in mind, and ventures a compliment on the lady's taste. He then mentioned various compositions of Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, which he thinks it would be well to introduce; not the entire works, that would perhaps be too tiresome for such an occasion; but the most effective and best appreciated movements of them. Yes, certainly, that would be very nice. But the lady wished Mr. Symphony "to open the whole affair," and to commence the performances with something *very classical*. She had made a selection for him: the opening chorus of *Ernani*. Next, she would have played the sextet from *Lucia*; next, Julius's *Firemen's Quadrille*; next—but here, to the astonishment of the

lady, Mr. Symphony executed a *fugue* across the parlor, through the hall, out at the door, and down the avenue; and she has never been able to set eyes on him since."

That "Fireman's Quadrille" was altogether too "classical" for Mr. Symphony.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. By R. R. MADDEN. New York: Harper & Bro.

Highly educated, brilliant and fascinating, the subject of these volumes occupied, during a portion of her life, a leading position in literary circles, and was the friend and correspondent of some of the most distinguished men and women of her time. Her early life was a sad one, and portions of it not free from blame. At the age of fourteen, she was compelled, by her father, to marry a man subject to fits of lunacy, who treated her, at times, brutally. Refusing to accompany him to India, a separation was agreed upon, and the unhappy girl returned to her old home, where she was regarded as an interloper. Her husband died in 1817, and four months afterwards, she married the Earl of Blessington. She was his second wife. The Earl was a free-hearted man, who mortgaged his land rather than press tenants for arrears of rent, and who enjoyed life with a luxurious magnificence. He and his young wife gathered around them a brilliant circle of wits, literati, and fashionables, and by their unbounded hospitality, won the friendship of a large circle of prominent personages. Lord Blessington died in 1829. It was subsequent to this event that Lady Blessington began her literary career. The relation of Count D'Orsay to the Blessingtons, is thus given:

"The strong desire of the last years of Lord Blessington's life, was that Count D'Orsay, to whom he had become much attached, should stand towards him in the relation of a son. His eldest son by his first wife having died, only a few months passed before he bound Count D'Orsay, by a formal document, to marry one of his daughters by that former wife, and take upon himself the duties and position of his heir. Count D'Orsay, in consequence, married Harriette, the youngest of these daughters, when she was only fourteen years and a few months old. It was an unwise and cruel family arrangement, which could end only as it did, in unhappiness, and in the separation of the couple so united. The other part of the Earl's wish was fulfilled."

A large amount of correspondence, embracing letters from most of the leading celebrities of the time, are to be found in these attractive volumes.

A COMPLETE PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD, containing a notice and the pronunciation of the names of nearly one hundred thousand places, the most recent and authentic information respecting the countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c. In every part of the globe; together with the latest and most reliable statistics of population, commerce, &c. Also, a notice of all the railways in Europe, Africa, Australia and America, including the West India and other islands, brought fully up to the present time. Edited by J. TROWER, M.D. and T. BALDWIN, assisted by several other gentlemen. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

We have before us a few specimen pages of this most important work, which will be ready early in the present month. It claims to be far superior, in every respect, to any similar book; and, on a comparison with the latest issued, we can unhesitatingly admit the claim. The work is no indolent repetition of preceding Gazetteers, which the world's advancement has made incorrect and valueless, but a book fully up to time in the age's wonderful progression. Doctor Thomas, the principal editor, who has devoted more than five years, aided by a corps of able assistants, to the task of writing, arranging, and compiling, from the most recent authorities, this great work, has per-

formed a herculean task; and his Gazetteer will stand alone, as the most laborious and thorough specimen of book making witnessed in the present generation. Its pronouncing feature, alone, will make it sought after by every man of education; and, more particularly, as the pronunciation of names may be relied upon as correct; Dr. Thomas being, perhaps, the only man in the country competent to the task.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD; or The First Stroke and the Last. By A. S. RAE, pp. 41. New York, J. C. Derby; Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co.; Cincinnati, H. W. Derby. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson.

We have seen more than one volume, by the present author, before this, and hitherto we have always been much pleased with the productions of his pen. It is possible that hypercriticism might complain somewhat of the abundant infusion of Yankee phraseology into his books. We, however, have no fault to find with this feature of them, since we can testify that it adds greatly to the verisimilitude of the conversations and incidents narrated.

The author's tone of thought and sentiment is sound and healthful; his characters are graphically portrayed; and his style is lucid, manly and vigorous. We can, therefore, cordially recommend the volume to readers of whatever age.

WESTWARD HO! The voyages and adventures of Sir Amyes Leigh, knight of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of her most glorious majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English, by CHARLES TICKNOR, author of *Hypatia*, *Alton Locke*, &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Whoever has read *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*, will be prepared to expect in any new work from the same source, something far above mediocrity at least; but, for ourselves, we confess, that the present volume has taken us by surprise—an agreeable surprise however. If we are any judges of genius, (that somewhat which may be discerned and felt, though not adequately described,) this volume is full of it to overflowing. We should despair, if hidden to give a fitting account of it, to one, who was a stranger to its quaint, weird, wondrous, conservative and yet progressive, and finally, thoroughly “old English” pages!

So our wisest course is to counsel our reader to procure the book, and learn from it how life moved on and looked in the “golden days of Queen Bess,” when the Spanish Armada, Spanish galleons ingot-laden, and voyages to the new found West, were things present!

THE PRACTICAL FRUIT, FLOWER, AND VEGETABLE GARDENER'S COMPANION. With a Calendar. By PATRICK NEILL, LL.D., &c., &c. Edited by G. EMERSON, M.D., &c. With notes and additions by R. G. FARDEE, &c. New York: E. M. Saxton & Co. 1865.

We cannot speak much, very wisely, upon the contents of this book; but we can say that it is exceedingly well got up, and, to our imperfect seeming, with a ripe intelligence of the subject discussed. Did we choose to ramble away into the topic of diet, we might say a great many words, without, probably, making many converts to our private theory. For that theory, substantially, is that the larger portion of vegetables, and the less of what has once throbbled with sensitive life, a man submits to his digestive organs, the more likely he will be to have a sound mind in a sound body.

So far as we are competent to judge, this is a valuable book.

HARVESTINGS; SKETCHES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By SYBIL HASTINGS. Boston: W. P. Feltledge & Co.; New York: J. C. Derby. For sale in Philadelphia by T. B. Peterson.

The name of the author of this volume is, unless we mistake, seen by us now for the first time. We trust, however, it is not seen for the last time, since we have been exceedingly pleased with its perusal. A fine vein of sentiment runs through its pages, which, enshrined in a pure, graphic, and beautiful style, realizes the Scriptural phrase of “apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

We hope the authoress, whether bearing a *nom de plume* or her veritable name, will not long permit a pen so interesting and instructive to lie unemployed. She informs us that the poetical pieces interspersed through the volume, are due to other authorship than her own. From the dedication, however, we think we can “guess” who wrote, at least, a portion of them. At any rate, they are abundantly leavened with the genuine spirit of poetry, and aid in making up a volume which must commend itself to all readers of culture and good taste.

FOSTER'S FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. Illustrated by a series of the most recently discovered and brilliant experiments known to the world. Adapted specially for classes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The object of this elementary work is to divest the subject of embarrassing technicalities, and present each natural division in a strictly practical form, illustrated by diagrams and experiments, so simplified as to be within the comprehension of the youth as well as the adult. In a large number of our schools and academies, where chemistry is professed to be taught, there is not sufficient apparatus to illustrate the text-books in use; and these text-books are not adapted to the wants of mere primary schools. The author, with this fact in view, has prepared the present work; and he states that a few dollars' worth of apparatus will enable the instructor to perform all the most beautiful and striking experiments embraced as well in larger treatises, as in this elementary volume, now offered to the public.

VISITS TO EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.

Most reading persons must, at some time or other, have come across the writings of Dr. Sprague. And, meeting them where they would, we think they must have been impressed with a gentle, genial spirit running through them.

Not to dwell on his previous writings, we have only to say, at present, that he has narrated, with his former spirit, his visit to quite a number of the “celebrities,” both in the “fast-anchored isle” and on the continent, whose works have long been wont to delight and instruct the reading public. The recorded observations of a man like Dr. Sprague are always valuable. In the instance now before us, these observations are doubly so, because they give us new points of view from which to take the form and dimensions of celebrities in whom the world has a sort of common interest.

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. On a progressive system, with copious exercises in Parsing and Syntax. By F. W. GLENZMANN, &c. and J. H. BROWN, A.M. Philadelphia: Hayes & Zell.

An early friend, who possessed greatly more than average acuteness and talent, (though alas! they came to nought,) used to speak with great contempt of grammars, in whatever shape appearing. He said, that he never knew a person—man, boy, or girl—who had not, in childhood, been accustomed to hear proper language, who could ever, in after life, learn to speak it by all the conjugations and declensions of all earthly grammars.

Our own observation has partially verified his wrathful outbreak. Still, if grammars must be, let them, like this one, present a favorable specimen of its kind. It seems faithfully adapted to its purpose. If people can be persuaded to make the verb “agree with its nominative case,” &c., &c., by any printed pages, we think those under notice will accomplish the work.

HISTOIRE DES ETATS UNIS D'AMERIQUE. Par F. TERREY. Philadelphia: Butler & Co.

Goodrich's “History of the United States,” translated into French, by L. E. Buisson, assisted by the author.

HOPE CAMPBELL; or, KNOW THYSELF. By COUSIN KATE. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

Who our excellent "Cousin Kate" is, we are totally ignorant. So much the worse for ourselves, if the numerous other volumes, from the same pen, mentioned in the title page, are as instructive and entertaining as this. We think even Mr. Wordsworth's stern prejudices against books "written expressly for children," would have given way, on a perusal of "Hope Campbell."

Simple, lucid, graceful in manner, with sound sense, genuine piety, fair discrimination, and a knowledge of the young heart; and yet with nothing of the "namby-pamby" in matter, it seems to us a volume from which all young persons must profit.

So a benison rest upon "Cousin Kate," and may her pen ply busily for many years to come!

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA; OR, HERBERT'S NOTE-BOOK. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With illustrations. pp. 350. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Our amiable old favorite, William Howitt, has, in the above-named volume, produced a book containing a great amount of information, both interesting and instructive. Of that wild, unknown region, Australia, he has presented a large aggregate of facts which are eminently worth reading and pondering. The young people will accept this book with hearty thanks to the accomplished author. It only needs announcement to receive a ready sale.

PATENT OFFICE AND PATENT LAWS; or, A Guide to Inventors, and a Book of Reference for Judges, Lawyers, &c., &c. By J. G. MOORE, author of "China and the Indies." Philadelphia: Parry & M. Millan.

A much needed volume. Inventors, and all persons interested in patents, will here find a large amount of exact information about patents and the laws made in relation to them. The inventor who wishes to make application for a patent, is here shown all the steps preliminary that he must take. The laws bearing on the subject, and the most important decisions in patent cases, are also contained in the volume, besides a large amount of useful information, in which most practical persons will find interest.

THE RAG BAG. By N. P. WILLIS. New York: Charles Scribner.

This volume is made up of light gossipings, and poetical and sentimental articles from the pen of Mr. Willis, which have from time to time appeared in the Home Journal, and will have an interest for many readers. As a word-painter, the author has few equals. His aptness in catching the more beautiful aspects of passing events, and the more interesting features in prominent celebrities, is well known. And it is this fact that gives to his daguerreotypes of the hour a value that few such limnings possess.

ROBERT GRAHAM. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: Parry & M. Millan.

This story is a sequel to "Linda," and possesses all the author's peculiar characteristics as a writer. She has a large class of warm admirers, who will be glad of an opportunity to obtain another work from her pen. It is published cheap. Price 50 cents.

GEOGRAPHIE ELEMENTAIRE. A L'Usage des Ecoles et des Familles. Illustree par 15 cartes et 30 gravures, par Peter Parley. Philadelphia: chez E. H. Butler, etc.

This is a translation of one of the popular geographical works of Mr. Goodrich, from the pen of Monsieur De Buisson. The work is intended for use in schools and families, and to those desiring to study the French it will be found of great value.

FRANK; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRICKS AND MISCHIEF.

Is the title of No. 5 of Harper's admirable monthly series of "STORY BOOKS."

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TRI-COLORED SKETCHES OF PARIS DURING THE YEARS 1831, '32, '33. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The stirring events occasioned by the last republican efforts of France, and the subsequent establishment of the empire by Louis Napoleon, are things yet fresh in the minds of every one. The present volume is a record of these singular events, by an American sojourning in Paris. The principal part of the book originally appeared in the New York Times, in the form of letters, signed "Dick Tinto," and attracted attention as written by a quick and close observer. The author regards the Emperor with distrust and aversion, and while he concedes to him the possession of intellect, doubts his ability long to maintain the Empire. His sketches of life in Paris, and the characters to be met with there, are distinct and lively, and evidently colored quite up to nature. The volume has many illustrations.

THE COUNTY NEIGHBORHOOD. By Miss E. A. DUPUY. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Miss Dupuy, who resides, we believe, at the West, has written several novels that show more than ordinary skill in this particular department of literature. We have not found leisure to read this new production of her pen; but if equal to her previous efforts, it will meet with a warm reception.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST. By the author of "A Stray Yankee in Texas." New York: Redfield.

A lively, chatty book, overflowing with attempts at humor, good, bad, and indifferent. It does not present the kind of reading that we regard as very profitable; but there are many who, if they did not get allment of the kind it offers, would suffer a kind of voluntary mental starvation.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY, WITH COLLECTION OF ASTRONOMICAL TABLES.

By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Designed to be a suitable text-book for the study of practical Astronomy, a want that has been for some time sensibly felt. It furnishes adequate descriptions of all the instruments in use in an observatory, and explains the method of employing them, with their computations. The want of just such a work as this has long been felt. It therefore offers a most desirable volume for the class of students for whose especial use it is designed.

THE TEACHER'S LAST LESSON. A Memoir of Martha Whiting, late of the Charlestown Female Seminary. By CATHERINE E. BADGER. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A book recording the history of both the inner and outer life of one who endeared herself to many hearts by her private virtues. The memoir will find good acceptance in the circle of those who knew and valued the subject thereof. Though dead, she still speaketh.

IRONTHORPE: THE PIONEER PREACHER. By PAUL CREYTON. Boston: Phillips & Sampson.

It is only necessary to announce a new book from the author of "Father Bright hopes," to set all our young friends agog for its possession. Paul Creyton is one of our best writers for the young; and he has this high merit, that he commands the attention of the old as well as the young. He writes in good style, and the tone of his books is always healthy.

ELLEN NORBURY; or, THE ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A handsome volume, typographically speaking. The story we have not found time to read; but if it is not marked by powerful interest, and graphic description of character and events, it is far below the author's ability. A contemporary says of it: "The scene is in Philadelphia, and the great purpose of the author is a portraiture of the vices and virtues of a great city. The moral is of the most satisfactory character, and is so marked by contrasts of light and shade, that the most careless reader cannot fail to appreciate it. One great feature of Mr. Bennett's writings, and probably the great cause of his popularity, is his wonderful fidelity to nature, in the narration of his incidents. In the previous novels of this author, he has pretty much confined himself to life in the west, and in that field has won more favor than any modern novelist. 'Ellen Norbury' is his first effort in depicting city life, a field that it is believed he will show himself as much at home in as in the best of his previous efforts."

To the great credit of Mr. Bennett, it must be said, that while dealing with life in some of its darker features, he never depends upon the mere portraiture of evil passions and depraved appetites for his hold upon the reader's attention. In the strong human interest that runs through his pages, lies the secret of his power.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the First Invasion by the Romans, to the Accession of William and Mary, in 1688. By JNO. LINGARD, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We have, from the publishers, vols. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13 of the reprint of this valuable historical work, making its completion. The work of Dr. Lingard is known as presenting the Roman Catholic view of events which have now become a part of history. Even among Protestants, his record of what took place antecedent to the Reformation, is acknowledged to be accurate and impartial. Of events subsequent to that great period, he writes from the Catholic side of the question, and necessarily gives some different versions of what took place, and some estimates of public men different from what are to be found in Hume, Macaulay, and others. Every careful observer of current public events, especially where two great parties are struggling for power, has been struck with the wide discrepancy apparent in the account of the same circumstances given by the adherents of the two parties, as well as in their widely disagreeing estimates of public men. With the events present, and the men we seek to know of our own time, it is almost impossible, amid the prejudiced judgment, and wicked effort to misrepresent and blacken, to get at the simple truth. If this be so, of things contemporary, how much more difficult to get at the truth, when he who would write history has only the conflicting partisan records of past times. Taking this view, it will be seen, that, to arrive at any thing like a true knowledge of those important events which took place in England after the Reformation, the student of history must examine both the Protestant and Catholic histories of the period. The volumes of Dr. Lingard, we believe, will be found, on the Catholic side, the least prejudiced and the most reliable.

THE MOST EMINENT ORATORS AND STATESMEN OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES, containing Sketches of their Lives, Specimens of their Eloquence, and an estimate of their Genius. By DAVID A. HARRIS. New York: Charles Scribner.

The author of this important volume has rendered a good service, not only to public speakers, but to all who can feel the power of eloquence—and few are insensible to the charms of the sweet persuasive tongue. The volume contains historical and critical sketches of some of the most eminent statesmen and orators, with brief notices of their lives. Copious extracts are made from their best orations and speeches. In this department the work is very comprehensive. Embracing the most beautiful specimens of the style of each orator, it contains some of the finest passages in English and American literature. Another feature of the volume, is a delineation of the oratorical character—"an analysis of that eloquence whose bewitching strains have enchanted listening Senates and popular assemblies." Comments are made on the leading peculiarities of each author—his forte pointed out—the secret of his power unfolded—the charm of his manner described. "To aid in the execution of this difficult task," says the author, "opinions of judicious critics and contemporary writers have been cited. Many beautiful sketches of character are thus embodied in the work."

HOUSEHOLD SONGS AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. H. E. G. AREY. New York: J. C. Derby.

A gentle, loving spirit pervades most of the poems in this volume. Mrs. Arey writes with not only a womanly appreciation of her subject, but with a rhythmic beauty that captivates the ear. She charms the reader as well by her fine descriptions, as by her touches of exquisite pathos. These "Household Songs," modestly put forth, as if the singer were only half conscious of the sweetness of her voice, will find an echo in many hearts.

"EMMA; or, THE MISFORTUNES OF A BELLE." Is the title of No. 6 of "Harper's Story Book," edited by JACOB ABBOTT.

The series is well written, and charmingly embellished.

TOM BURKE. CHARLES O'MALLEY.

Mr. T. B. Peterson has published new editions, in cheap form, of these novels, by Charles Lever. Price of each, fifty cents.

HOWARD GRAY. A STORY FOR BOYS. By a young lady of Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.

A pleasant story for the young people, with a good moral. The author's name is not given, but she writes with easy grace, and manifests a very fair ability. The young people will have no objection to hearing from her again.

LOCKING UP IN THE TOWER.

We find the following curious description of Locking up in the Tower, in a new book called "Curiosities of London."

"*Locking-up the Tower* is an ancient, curious and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve—the Head Warder, (Yeoman Porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and loudly calls out, "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate; each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?"—"Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?"—"Keys."—"Whose Keys?"—"Queen Victoria's keys."—"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."—The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The main guard respond, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the fire-locks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the Yeoman Porter marches across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's Lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign."

CHOIR BOYS.

We have been struck with the performance of the choir at St. Mark's Church in this city. They are, at times, very effective. It seems the greater part of the choristers are lads. Connected with the subject of boys in choirs, is an account of how they are taught in England, which we have just read. It seems they are often shamefully oppressed. A musical work says it is a pitiable sight to see one of them, with tears in his eyes, trying hard to execute some awkward passage, while the presiding 'Mus. Doc.' holds over him in *terrorem* a ruler or a music-book. Yet this is far from uncommon. It knows an instance in which the organist dealt severe blows on the head with the church key. The editor of the New York *Musical Times* relates, too, a circumstance connected with the musical training of the boys, which he once witnessed. He attended a lesson given by one of the curates of a wealthy incumbent. After giving what he called a lesson, in which the boys appeared to take about as much interest as they would have done in being driven round on a tread-mill, the teacher said, "We will now close by singing the *Gloria Patria*," evidently designed as a devotional exercise. The boys all rose, and, at the lead of the teacher, commenced singing to the *Old Hundredth* tune the doxology, beginning:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The attention of the teacher was almost immediately attracted by a poor little fellow who did not happen to get the pitch right, but who was nevertheless trying to do his best. As soon as the offender was discovered, he was taken by the collar of his jacket, and forced violently into the middle of the room, by the curate, with a kind of benevolence which might have done honor to a hyena. The poor little fellow trembled, looked round fearfully, breathed short, sobbed, and evidently expected something more severe. There were two strangers present, and perhaps to that circumstance he owed his escape.

DOUBLE-REFINED DANDYISM.

The story of the young lady who declined accompanying a friend to *Grace Church*, in New York, because she was only dressed for *Trinity*, finds an amusing counterpart in the following, which is given by a fair correspondent of the *Home Journal*: "Mr. — was in just now, and told us the last new story about young —, just returned from Paris. He has, it appears, two sets of embroidered shirts, one covered with roses, the other with violets. On the occasion of wearing either, he perfumes and pomades himself, correspondingly, with ottar-gul on his hair and moustache for the rose shirts, *violette* for the violet. The other night he was dressing for a party, and, having perfected himself *a la rose*, sent in great haste to his laundress, who had all of both kinds, and had not brought them home as expected. The unlucky woman sent the only one that was done, and it chanced to be violet! 'I'm dressed for roses, and you've sent me violet!' exclaimed the poor youth, sinking back exhausted on a sofa, 'and I won't go!' And he did not go.

CLANDESTINE COURTSHIPS.

On this subject, a certain writer discourses in these strong terms. There may be exceptional cases—one in ten or a hundred—but in the main he is right: "Clandestine courtships are not only dishonorable, but a base fraud on the confidence of parents. They are in every way discreditable, because, however pure or sincere, the concealment implies a doubt of the integrity of one of the parties. Either the man is ashamed of the woman, or the woman is ashamed of the man—or one or both wish to deceive a confiding parent or good-natured guardian; but looked at in any way, or in any light, the proceeding is disreputable."

"THE FIRST SCRAPE."

We may smile at our first glance upon this picture; but few can look for many moments, without a change of feeling, upon the wrapt, earnest face of the child, whose ear recognizes a deeper meaning and hears a more exquisite harmony in the rude sounds awakened by his unskilled hand, than reach the next ear of either his mother, (if that be the woman's relation to him,) or his canine friend, who gives unmistakable evidence of possessing nerves. He has a difficult way before him, that young

musician. Little sympathy awaits him at home. Trouble lurks in his humble instrument. But he will bear all, and suffer all, and overcome at last. The world will hear of him.

MISS MARTINEAU.

The health of Harriet Martineau has become so precarious, that little hope remains. A London paper says, "Miss Martineau cannot last much longer. The immediate cause of danger is an enlargement of the heart, and the end may come at any moment."

NEW MUSIC.

"LEILA," words by DAVID BATES, music by Mark Hassler, is the title of a new song, just published by T. C. Andrews, 66 Spring Garden street. "What is Home without a Father," an attractive piece, is from the same house.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Meadow Grove;" "Response to Yearnings;" "The Past;" "October Thoughts;" Poem by "L. P. C.;" "Gone Home;" "A Leaf from the Life of Fanny Gray;" "The Promise;" "Morning;" "Legend of 'Little Mountain' Versified."

Correspondents, who wish their MSS. returned, must enclose P. O. stamps to pre-pay, as under the present law no letter is forwarded unless pre-paid.

We thank our friendly correspondent at "Dorchester," for her suggestion. The matter referred to had escaped our notice.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

We are no longer able to supply back numbers from January. New subscribers will, therefore, have to commence with this or the July number. Of course, the year's subscription will include twelve numbers of the Magazine. We have reprinted our January, February and March numbers several times—the subscriptions coming in faster than was anticipated. Beyond the March number we did not stereotype, and, therefore, can no longer furnish the fifth volume complete. The sixth volume will commence with the July number.

THE FASHIONS.

Of the two figures given this month, the Evening Dress is of tissue; undersleeves of rich lace. Cap *a la Marie Stuart*.

The Walking Dress is of *berge* with flounces. Mantle of silk, with deep lace border.

A SPANISH MANTILLA.—This is of black taffeta, falling rather low on the shoulder. Trimming, very deep sewing-silk fringe, headed by a row of guipure lace, set on with a slight fullness.

CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVES.—Embroidered chemisette and sleeves, ornamented by flat bows of satin ribbon. This shows what is meant by a "set" of lace or muslin.

FANCY DRESS FOR A CHILD'S PARTY.—The skirt is of white cashmere, with a deep border of ruby-colored velvet, headed by four rows of velvet ribbon the same shade. Bodice of ruby velvet, over a waist and sleeves of white Swiss muslin, laced, and tied by ribbons to correspond.

DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—Loose blouse, buttoned in front. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, and demi-large. Long undersleeves, trimmed with a silling of embroidered muslin.

BOARDMAN, CRAY & CO.'S DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT PIANO-FORTES.

ALBANY, N. Y.



TWENTY YEARS' experience as Piano-Forte manufacturers, with the thousands of our pianos scattered throughout the United States, Canada, South America, Mexico and Europe, gives us confidence to believe it unnecessary for us to speak of their superiority.

We therefore confidently refer to the following distinguished musicians, who have cheerfully added their written testimony, in their favor, to that of hundreds of others:—

Jenny Lind,	Maurice Strakosch,	Jules Benedict,	Catharine Hayes,	James G. Maeder,
Sir George Smart,	Kate Loder,	Charles Grobe,	Charles Halle,	Wm. R. Dempster,
H. S. Coleman,	Joseph Burke,	Richard Hoffman,	A. H. Wood,	Maretzek.

From the numerous notices we have received, we select the following:

PROF. H. S. COLEMAN, the distinguished Pianist and Tuner, writes as follows: "I consider Messrs. Boardman & Gray's Pianos as brilliant and as powerful in tone as any Pianos I have ever met with; and I beg to say, in justice to those gentlemen, that their Pianos possess a quality which is very rarely found in those of other manufacturers, viz: THAT OF KEEPING IN TUNE FOR AN EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH OF TIME. I remain, &c.,

H. S. COLEMAN."

"It gives me much pleasure to speak in favor of your Piano-Fortes, which have been used by me at different times, during my stay in this country. JENNY LIND."

"It is my opinion, after six years' experience with them as a Tuner, that they uniformly stand in tune BETTER than those of any other manufacturers. A. S. GOODRICH,

BURLINGTON, VT., October 10, 1854.

Professor of Music and Piano-Forte Tuner."

"THE Piano-Fortes from the manufactory of Messrs. BOARDMAN & GRAY, Albany, N. Y., which I have been using for a number of years, in boarding-schools and private families, are most admirable instruments, pleasant in quality of tone, and excellent in touch. They cannot be surpassed as regards their keeping in tune, and they can, in all points, compete successfully with any other manufacturers in the country. Yours, &c.,

CHARLES GROBE."

REV. E. J. HALLOCK, writes us as follows:—"I must say, in justice to you, that your Pianos are WORTH ONE-THIRD MORE than any I have used from other manufacteries. This is my last and most honest, enlightened conviction. Yours will be used in this region for the future &c. Yours very truly,

E. J. HALLOCK."

L. MOREAU GOTTSCHALK'S OPINION:—"He again and again expressed his delight at the firmness, sweetness and tone of the instrument, and seemed to take pleasure in sweeping its beautiful responsive keys."—[Extract from a letter of A. McManis, editor of the American Courier, Philadelphia, Pa.

"We know the instruments, and can recommend them. There is no firm engaged in the manufacture of Pianos upon whom more reliance can be placed than upon the gentlemen who are the subject of these remarks. We have been instrumental in selling a number of these instruments, and we have yet to hear the first complaint on the contrary, we have been thanked for our recommendation of the house of BOARDMAN & GRAY."—Godey's Lady's Book, May, 1854.

We continue to manufacture our celebrated

DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT PIANO-FORTES.

ALL OUR PIANO-FORTES ARE WARRANTED TO PROVE SATISFACTORY. WAREHOUSES, 79 STATE, AND 4 AND 6 NORTH PEARL STREETS, "Old Elm Tree Corner," Albany, N. Y.

WM. G. BOARDMAN,
JAMES A. GRAY,
SIBERIA OTT.

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

